

Américas

NOVEMBER 1953

Special Issue on Haiti

**HAITI'S BATTLE
FOR FREEDOM**

**MAKERS OF
A NATION**

LAND OF POETS

**A SCULPTOR
IN HAITI**

Citizens' committee to
BLOCK THAT TARIFF

THIS WAS CARRENO
Portrait of a pianist

25 cents

*Haiti celebrates 150th
anniversary of independence
(see page 6)*





Américas

Volume 5, Number 11

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Dear Reader

One hundred and fifty years ago Haiti won its independence from France. Thus it is the second oldest nation in America—younger only than the United States. Its history, part of which is re-created in the pages of our magazine this month, was a violent, hard, heroic one. An enslaved people was suddenly reborn to freedom, in the midst of one of the most charming natural settings in the New World. Its great figures, its captains in the adventure and the founders of the Haitian fatherland, are unlike the leaders of the other independence movements in America.

In fact, they do not even resemble one another, much less anyone else. They are men of ebony and of iron, whose true grandeur can only be measured in terms of the military and political problems they had to surmount. First of all, they had to do battle against a Napoleonic army prepared to establish the French Empire firmly in Louisiana. The rebellion was total. It was not only the recently liberated slaves that took part. The whole island, including its mysterious telluric forces, launched itself against the French in an unparalleled assault. Yellow fever was, in an important measure, one of the liberators.

Toussaint, Dessalines, Pétion, and Christophe were the founding fathers who acted out this scene of determination and blood. Some of them were cultured, others represented mankind in the rough, but all led fascinating lives. The contact between the most civilized nation of the day and those African slaves on American soil produced explosive situations, all the drama and grandeur of revolution, and also its legends. No one, whether Haitian or foreigner, can speak of these men without feeling overcome by the fumes of magic, mystery, and passion that surrounded the birth of the first Negro nation in the New World.

In its sesquicentennial year, Haiti faces no fewer problems than beset its appearance as a free nation. Three million Haitians inhabit their third of the island—an area of a little less than eleven thousand square miles. To produce adequate food for all, even with the fertility some of the splendid valleys possess, would require highly developed agricultural techniques and a prior or simultaneous expansion of mass education. Recent Haitian administrations, backed up by intense international cooperation, have been working in this direction. Irrigation projects, experimental farms, and school construction are undertakings to which they have devoted their limited budgets and all their energy. The Haitian people's longing to improve itself is matched only by the obstinacy and valor it showed in winning independence.

It is our aim this month, as in many previous issues of AMERICAS, to contribute to wider knowledge of this republic, whose history, virtues, and characteristics are less familiar in Latin America than in the United States, where the constant stream of tourists returning from the Caribbean area has established its reputation as an exotic and marvelous place for rest, a land of extraordinary beauty.

Alberto Lleras
Secretary General

Opposite: Detail from Earthly Paradise by Haitian "primitive" painter Wilson Bigaud

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

Senate Mission Goes South

Members of the U.S. Senate Banking and Currency Committee leave Washington October 18 for a tour of about two months through Mexico, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Panama, and all the countries of South America to study operations of the Export-Import Bank and the World Bank.

For the Tourist

Luxury-hotel capacity in South America has been considerably increased by the opening of the brand-new Tequendama in Bogotá, the Hotel del Lago in Maracaibo (Venezuela), the Victoria Plaza in Montevideo, and the Miraflores in Lima. Two others—the Tamboque in Caracas and the Humboldt in Quito—will be finished soon, and the plush Crillon in Lima is being enlarged. If the idea is to stimulate large-scale tourist travel to that part of the world, very little will be accomplished so long as some South American countries insist on such burdensome requirements as the visa and the good-conduct certificate, which have been eliminated in Western Europe and the Caribbean area. According to Commerce Department figures, only twenty-eight million dollars out of nearly a billion spent abroad by U.S. tourists in 1952 went to South America. How much tourism can mean to a country's economy is revealed by Bank of Mexico statistics. The \$271,000,000 left in Mexico in 1952 by its 411,000 visitors went a long way toward solving the exchange problem created by the industrialization, highway-construction, and railroad-modernization programs.

Conservation Prizewinner

For the second consecutive year, a Venezuelan won the coveted American Conservation Award for the most outstanding contribution in this field by a Latin American citizen. The \$2,000 prize went to Francisco Tamayo, conservationist in the Venezuelan Ministry of Agriculture, on September 20. Porturbed by the severe soil erosion caused by overgrazing of sheep and goats, particularly in the region between the port of La Guaira and Caracas, Tamayo made up his mind to do something about it. The removal of 30,000 animals was achieved through the help of government-subsidized marketing. But the resettlement of people whose traditions were deeply rooted in the eroded soils they tilled, and who depended on their goats and sheep for sustenance, was effected largely through personal persuasion. Restoration and rehabilitation of the land followed, by natural regrowth, seeding, and reforestation. The American Conservation Award was set up five years ago at the Inter-American Conference on Conservation of Renewable Natural Resources in Denver, and the money has been donated each year by the United Fruit Company.

Ecuador Takes the Lead

Ecuador is now the world's leading banana exporter, stepping into first place ahead of Honduras in the large U.S. market. In the past ten years banana exports have climbed from 1.6 per cent of the total value of the country's exports to 40.7 per cent. Shipments abroad rose steadily from 23,394 metric tons in 1946 to 423,538 in 1952 and 146,775 during the first four months of 1953. Early in September a World Bank mission made up of an economist, two engineers, and a chief of mission arrived in Quito to study the Ecuadorian Government's transportation and agricultural development plans. Two weeks later, on September 18, the Export-Import Bank of Washington authorized an increase of \$2,300,000 in the 1947 credit extended to Ecuador for completion of the Quevedo-Monta Highway. This brings the total credit to \$5,000,000. The new highway, which has been under construction for some years, will open up a potentially rich agricultural area in the interior.

Coffee Counsel

To work out a coordinated program for the control of pests and diseases and for improvement of cultivation methods, coffee leaders of the Americas met for a four-day round-table discussion in San José, Costa Rica, toward the end of September. Considerable discussion centered around preventive measures to keep out of the Western Hemisphere the dread coffee rust, *Hemileia vastatrix*, which has caused such havoc on plantations in Africa and the Far East. At the instigation of the OAS Inter-American Economic and Social Council's Special Commission on Coffee, the San José meeting was held under the auspices of the Costa Rican Ministry of Agriculture, in cooperation with the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences, the UN Food and Agriculture Organization, and the Federación de Cafetaleros de Centro América, México y el Caribe.

Census

The data uncovered by the 1950 Census of the Americas will be available in convenient graphic form when the U.S. Census Bureau's Census Atlas Project completes its series of national and regional maps showing physical and economic conditions. Countries now participating are Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Haiti, and Honduras. Sample information: Costa Rica, chiefly an agricultural country, listed 43,986 holdings of one manzana or more (a manzana is about two thirds of a square mile), 81.1 per cent of them operated by their owners; the total area of these holdings—2,592,220 manzanas—breaks down into 43.5 per cent forest, 34.5 per cent pasture, and 12.3 per cent arable land. The next countries to come into the Atlas Project will be Chile and Ecuador, and the others will follow.

New World Bank Loans

¶ On September 25, just before President Ramón of Panama arrived in Washington on a state visit, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and the Panamanian Economic Development Institute, an autonomous government agency, signed two loans totaling \$1,490,000 for agricultural development. Nearly half of one loan of \$1,200,000 will be used to buy equipment for farm machinery pools, which will service farmers on a contract basis; another portion will be used to purchase hand tools—such basic equipment as machetes, axes, and barbed wire—for small farms. The second loan—of \$290,000—will go for a grain storage plant in the capital, to provide modern facilities for drying and storing and prevent the customary high spoilage—up to 30 per cent—of the country's chief crops, corn and beans.

¶ Chile will no longer have to import pulp and newsprint. Indeed will produce surpluses for export, after completion of two new plants that will make use of its extensive timber resources. Planned partially by a World Bank loan of \$20,000,000 granted in September, a chemical pulp mill will be located at Laja, on the main rail line between Concepción and Santiago, while the newsprint mill will be near Concepción on the Bio-Bio River.

¶ A loan to Colombia will help finance the highway improvement program begun in 1951 and involving about 1,800 miles of the country's main roadways. Total cost is estimated at about 275,000,000 pesos, of which the equivalent of 77,000,000 pesos (\$14,350,000 in the new loan and \$16,500,000 borrowed in 1951) will have been supplied by the World Bank.

¶ Another recent loan went to Nicaragua: \$3,500,000 for a highway and feeder-roads program needed to open new land for cultivation and provide a farm-to-market road network; and \$450,000 for a new

(Continued on page 45)

block

THAT TARIFF

Alfred Friendly

A DOMESTIC PRODUCER, uncomfortably pushed by a competing product from overseas, can make a clear case to his townsmen, his countrymen and—most important in the United States—his congressmen: He has a product; the foreign product is underselling it; he cannot meet the lower price. He will go out of business; the fruit of his skill and savings and diligence will rot; his workers will be jobless; the community of which they form a part will suffer; disaster will follow.

Multiply the producer by ten or a hundred, or even a thousand, but take pains to scatter those hundreds through the forty-eight states; add the parliamentary device of log-rolling (you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours), and you have the raw material out of which a national trade policy is made. At least, that is how the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act was made, and if the events of the first session of the Eighty-Third Congress are any indication, that is how another trade policy can be made for the United States next year.

To prevent it from being made that way, a group of U.S. businessmen have set up a new and promising organization dedicated to demonstrating that such a protectionist trade policy would be progressively and cumulatively catastrophic. They have a much better case than the high-tariff lobby, but a much more difficult one to demonstrate. That they recognize the difficulty and are now devising novel means to overcome it makes their enterprise as interesting as it is essential.

The new group is called the Committee for a National Trade Policy, with headquarters in Washington, D.C. At the moment, it is composed of only twelve directors, although it is clear that it will soon enlist the participation of scores of other business leaders. Among the directors are William L. Batt, former chief of the Mutual Security Administration mission to the United Kingdom (a leading spirit in the founding of the group); John J. McCloy, now chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank and formerly U.S. High Commissioner in Germany; and Thomas B. McCabe, chairman of the board of the Scott Paper Company and former chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System. Chairman of the Committee is John S. Coleman—an

interesting person to find participating in such a body, inasmuch as the company he heads, the Burroughs Corporation, makes business machines and faces a heavy challenge from such foreign competitors as Olivetti of Italy. Similarly, another director, Charles Percy, is president of the Bell and Howell Company, whose photographic equipment must sell against the severe competition from Germany, Switzerland, Japan, and Italy. The Committee's full-time president is Charles P. Taft, brother of the late senator, who would have been the last man on earth to be a free trader.

Whatever their companies or their blood relations, the Committee members are united on the principle that a restrictionist trade policy is deeply hostile to the best interests of the United States. It would be superfluous to outline the economic principles in which they believe. Suffice it to say that they embrace the liberalized trade program outlined with such consistency (and such little apparent effect so far) by the Gray, Rockefeller, Paley, and Daniel Bell reports: that it is time for a trade and tariff policy in the national interest, not in what appears



Mrs. Knud Stowman, president of Arlington, Virginia, League of Women Voters, demonstrates her state's stake in world trade and low tariffs. Peanut exports bring Virginia sixty-four million dollars a year

to be the immediate and narrow interest of a certain industry or even region. The Committee has stated its theses in three paragraphs:

The terms of this economic conflict are clear. Without expanding trade, the nations friendly to us cannot earn enough to meet their economic and military needs. We neither can nor should continue massive grants of aid, nor do our friends want us to do so. The only practical and sensible alternative is to permit other free countries to compete in our markets. If we continue to make it difficult for the free countries of the world to earn dollars through trading here, the pressures for trading behind the Iron Curtain will be irresistible.

This is also the only alternative consistent with our own interests at home. The United States, with its enormous productive capacity, determines the climate of world trade. But just as the stability of overseas economies is dependent on the level of business activity here, we in



Father of Reciprocal Trade Agreements and leading champion of freer world trade was former Secretary of State Cordell Hull



Italy, India, Hongkong, and Central America all contributed to this furniture displayed in Arlington International Trade Week

turn are affected by economic health elsewhere. We cannot maintain a general condition of high employment and expanding production if the other trading nations of the world are economically sick. And, apart from our general level of economic activity and the benefit to consumers from international trade, important segments of business, labor, and agriculture are directly dependent on overseas markets. The size of our export markets is necessarily in exact proportion to the ability of our friends abroad to earn dollars to pay for the goods they need.

These would be reasons enough to require a trade policy designed to expand trade and to reduce those obstacles which prevent our customers from earning dollars to spend here. But, in addition, economic policy must be related to the graver issue of our national security. The keystone of our security is the building of a free world coalition. We cannot draw the free peoples together militarily if we divide them economically.

That is a good statement, but scarcely new. What makes the Committee interesting is its genesis and its proposed *modus operandi*.

It came into being as a reaction to an unmistakable resurgence of protectionist sentiment in the last Congress. The excruciating difficulty of simply getting a one-year extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act (already sucked dry and of no future economic significance) made it

obvious that if this attitude continued, enactment of liberalizing trade legislation was doomed, whether for reciprocal or unilateral tariff reduction authority, for repeal of the "Buy American" preference in government purchases and the fifty-fifty shipping requirement on foreign aid cargoes, for repeal of peril-point and escape clauses restoring duties reduced under reciprocal tariff agreements, or for changing farm-protection legislation.

Well-heeled, and with the potential of raising from its business supporters very considerable amounts of additional money for the task, the Committee sees as its main work the influencing of public opinion—and business and labor and farm opinion—in favor of an expansive rather than a protectionist trade and tariff policy. Direct lobbying before Congress can, and doubtless will, come later, presumably next spring when legislation goes into debate on Capitol Hill.

But how to muster this public opinion? As I said at the outset, it is simple for the Ohio pottery makers, the Brooklyn briar-pipe fabricators, and the California garlic growers to demonstrate that a specific, precise, concrete, and individual import can hurt their business; it takes a vastly more involved argument to show how the failure to import the foreign pottery, pipe, or garlic can hurt the Minnesota wheat farmer, the Detroit auto worker, and the Hollywood extra. It does, of course, but how to show it?

Here the Committee proposes to use a new idea and a fresh technique. With the aid of a few statisticians and a battery of punch-card machines, it is about to embark on a detailed analysis of every manufacturing company—not merely each industry, but each individual company—and bombard it with data to show what it ought to know itself but certainly does not: the extent of its dependence on exports for its profit. In this way it hopes to convince the manufacturer of lathes, for example, that whether his company exports or not, a certain per cent of his market is overseas; that a certain per cent of his employees depend on that market; that a certain per cent of his sales and production and profits would be lost without it. It hopes to make of that midwestern

machine-tool manufacturer as loud and ardent a lobbyist for letting foreign nations earn the dollars they need to buy his product by selling their goods here, as the neighboring bicycle manufacturer is now a lobbyist for excluding British cycles.

The direct approach to the individual factory and its management and employees has never been tried before. Whether it will be successful remains to be seen, but the potential is enormous; for every company that sees itself injured by larger imports, there are a thousand that would be injured by smaller exports. The job is to remove the scales from their eyes.

Side by side with the demonstration to the manufacturers, the Committee proposes a far-flung program of cooperation with regional groups to show what their area stands to gain or lose by expanded foreign trade. In this field, a small demonstration project was conducted some months ago with encouraging, indeed hilarious, results.

A sardonic newspaper reporter suggested to the United States Council of the International Chamber of Commerce that it might be worth while to make a quick economic study of one Congressional district to see where its stake lay, in expansion of foreign trade or restriction. What better district could be chosen than that of the loudest protectionist in Congress, Representative Richard Simpson, author of the most restrictionist tariff bill to be presented this year? A researcher was dispatched to the half dozen Pennsylvania counties that

elected Congressman Simpson. The origin of the protectionist sentiment was clear: a few played-out coal mines, whose economic life is severely limited in any event, saw in prospect a few more years of operation if residual fuel oil imports were kept out of the country. But the rest of the constituency, with its tens of thousands of farmers and factory hands, is heavily dependent—like, of course, the rest of the United States—on a world market that accepts its wheat and animal fats, machine tools, paints, metal specialties, and textiles. The 220,000 constituents of Representative Simpson's Seventeenth Pennsylvania District were not aware of this dependence, any more than are the 160 million constituents of 434 other congressional districts, but they can be made aware, and this is the job the new Committee has set out to accomplish.



Tariffs and marketing quotas protect U.S. beet-sugar growers, cut market for this Cuban cane



Maryland farmers stand to lose if tariff is raised on these Swiss clocks. Switzerland is a big buyer of Maryland tobacco

• The enlightenment is possible of achievement, with a little ingenuity and a lot of work. How it can be done was shown a few weeks ago by that remarkable institution of determined ladies, the American League of Women Voters. A local branch of the League in the Maryland county lying just north of the District of Columbia staged a public meeting on world trade that featured something new. Besides the principal speakers, talking as always in Olympian terms about the national weal, the ladies mustered a small panel of their neighbors to talk for five minutes each on their own, personal stake in world trade. What they had to say was vastly more convincing than the experts' disembodied arguments.

A housewife calculated that more imports might provide friendly nations abroad with more dollars, which would mean less in taxes from her husband for foreign aid. A meat packer figured that stabilization of world conditions would bring cheaper supplies and less business uncertainty. A Congressman concluded that foreign trade was at the core of the prosperity of the largest

(Continued on page 43)

Venezuela thrives on oil exports, protests threatened increase in U.S. tariff. Part of Venezuelan output is refined at this Aruba plant belonging to Standard Oil Company subsidiary

CUBA

Môle Saint-Nicholas

Port-de-Paix

Cap-Haïtien

Tenacious Laveaux and French forces under Rochambeau in Battle of "Snake Gully" in February 1801

Gonaïves

Saint-Marc

Jérémie

Port-au-Prince

Les Cayes

Jacmel

REPUBLICA DOMINICANA



General Christophe forced Bay of Cap-Haïtien to the ground in the face of Leclerc's invasion fleet

General Charles Emmanuel Leclerc
Napoleon's brother-in-law, led
French attempt to reconquer Haiti
in 1801



HAITI'S battle for freedom

Jules Blanchet

THE HAITIAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE began when Napoleon sent eighty-six warships and twenty-two thousand professional soldiers, led by his brother-in-law General Leclerc, to re-establish slavery in Saint-Domingue and break the power of Toussaint Louverture, who had driven the English and Spaniards from the colony and been elected governor for life. The troops landed at various port towns early in 1802, meeting little initial resistance.

Toussaint's orders called for a war of attrition, and accordingly, Henri Christophe burned Cap-Haïtien when Leclerc appeared there; Jean Jacques Dessalines burned Saint-Marc; and Port-de-Paix and Gonaïves were likewise consigned to flames. But Leclerc saw through Toussaint's plans and carried the war to the place where he had assembled his last means of defense. The expeditionary army had already restored French authority over the coastal regions and much of the interior. Despite fierce resistance and prodigious feats—like that of the twelve hundred natives under Dessalines' command who defended Crête-à-Pierrot during a thirteen-day siege and then cut their way through a force of French veterans ten times as large—Toussaint realized that success was out of the question for the moment and signed an agreement with Leclerc on May 6, 1802.

The French commander's guarantees were illusory, for Toussaint was treacherously arrested on June 7, taken to Gonaïves, put aboard the *Créole*, and later transferred to the *Héros*, which carried him to France. Imprisoned in Fort Joux on an icy peak in the Jura Mountains, sick, worn out, he died on April 7, 1803. So ended the first episode of the struggle.

The second opened with a futile attempt by Leclerc to disarm the natives. Despite all his efforts, guerilla fighting spread in all directions. Farmers swelled the ranks of the insurgent bands. The rifle meant liberty. Leclerc replied with fusillades, drownings, and hangings, but these only made the natives more indomitable.

In October 1802 Alexandre Pétion, an educated officer, broke away from Leclerc, and he and the incomparable strategist Dessalines agreed on a plan of attack. Their cause was helped immeasurably by an epidemic of yellow fever that killed over forty thousand Frenchmen in less than six months. Leclerc himself died of the disease shortly after the insurrection began, and Donatien Rochambeau was named his successor.

The colonial régime was crumbling and nothing could now halt the march toward independence. Pétion won the native leaders over to the idea of a single command, and Dessalines, the senior ranking officer and the fiercest enemy of France, was proclaimed commander-in-chief. Meantime war had broken out between France and England. This made Rochambeau's defense of Saint-Domingue still more difficult, and he evacuated the interior of the island in order to reinforce the garrisons of the coastal towns.

The maneuver proved fruitless. At the beginning of 1803, the South joined the revolt. In May Pétion and Dessalines convoked a council of all native officers at Arcahie, which declared total war on the French. Dessalines created the Haitian flag on May 18 by tearing the white strip from the French national emblem.

On August 4 native forces occupied the town of Jérémie; on September 4, Saint-Marc; on September 9, Fort-Liberté; on September 14, Jacmel. On September 16, Dessalines, Pétion, and a few other officers, bound for Arcahie at the head of ten thousand soldiers, invaded the plain of Cul-de-Sac. Reinforced by five thousand men from Jacmel, they encircled and laid siege to Port-au-Prince, forcing the defenders to evacuate the city after three weeks. On October 11, 1803, the native army entered Port-au-Prince, and on the seventeenth the troops in the South occupied Les Cayes.

By the end of October only the towns of Cap-Haïtien and Môle Saint-Nicholas remained in French hands. On November 6 Dessalines headed north from Gonaïves to dislodge the French from their last strongholds. En route he reviewed the troops and galvanized their enthusiasm. He established his headquarters on the Lenormand de Mézy plantation, whence he issued his orders to Generals Christophe, Romain, and Capois.

On November 16 the battle for Cap-Haïtien began. It called for all Dessalines' tactical skill, for the city was protected on two sides by hills and at its main entrance by a line of forts. French guns spat death and the natives' losses were high, but they advanced fearlessly. In the assault on Vertières, the most important redoubt, Capois showed so much courage in leading his men through a rain of bullets that Rochambeau caused a momentary interruption of the firing and sent a message of admiration. But victory was not yet in sight. At that point Dessalines ordered Gabart, his youngest general, to occupy at any cost Charrier hill, which dominated all the fortifications of the city. The struggle became Homeric: Rochambeau's honor guard itself plunged into the fray and perished to the last man. A vain sacrifice, for Charrier was taken by a bayonet charge, and the next day, November 19, Rochambeau capitulated. Ten days later the victorious native army entered Cap-Haïtien, and on December 4, 1803, the French surrendered Môle Saint-Nicholas. Independence was won.

A trembling dawn was breaking over the nation that Toussaint envisioned and Dessalines, Pétion, and Christophe forged with iron, fire, and blood. This is the quartet of heroes Léon Laleau evokes with so much fervor in these pages.

MAKERS OF A NATION

Léon Laleau

THEY ARE FOUR: four men to whom we owe our country, the flag that symbolizes it, and the right to be men instead of beasts. As we celebrate the sesquicentennial of our independence, it is fitting to conjure them up as an inspiration to the generations of today and tomorrow.

The Precursor

Toussaint Louverture was the precursor. If he did not live to see the work completed, at least he laid the first stone.

Strange indeed was the destiny of this ex-slave who formed such a partnership with Fortune—even his misadventures were on a princely scale—that people did not hesitate to call him the immediate descendant of an African king.

He was ugly, small, ill-formed. Women nevertheless risked rank and reputation for his love. He had no culture at all. He was nearly fifty before he learned to read, and he spelled entirely by ear. Yet the French General Keverseau, in an official document, called him a man of vast intellect.

His deceitfulness and his faculty for saying one thing and thinking another still provoke comment. But no one else inspired such deep and lasting confidence among the enslaved masses and the enlightened few alike. And did he not enjoy some of that intense friendship and utter devotion ordinarily won only by frankness and loyalty? In a letter, the French General Laveaux called him his "most intimate friend."

Toussaint was hard and cruel. Some evenings, when his men were weary, he helped them along with a whip. Many times, he used a pistol to enforce discipline and lead his men into fire. Without compunction he would tie them to the execution stake for a trivial, commonplace indiscretion.

Still, numerous acts of magnanimity honor his name. He could sacrifice himself to affection, to the fundamental interests of a race that was fated to suffer cruelly, and to this plot of ground on which he tried to build a nation. Was he not seen to stop one day, on the way from Ennery to Gonaïves, and pick up a little ten-year-old named Rose who had run after him, calling him papa? He adopted her, with his wife's consent.

Toussaint lacked even that minimum of physical impressiveness certain sociologists consider indispensable for one who holds in his hands the destiny of both the

masses and the élite. Nevertheless, no other being on earth ever exercised such authority or wielded more influence. When, making one figure with his dancing mount, he rode out to review his men or to embark tirelessly on one of his inspection journeys, foreheads bowed as he passed and glances faltered before the fire of his gaze. A slave for the greater part of his life, he nevertheless knew how to be chief when the hour of command came, and at the crucial moments he spoke the decisive words. Very reserved, he had the habits and manners of an aristocrat. No one, we learn from C. L. R. James, the author of *Black Jacobins*, ever laughed in his presence. He never hesitated at the crossroads and never for a second experienced what Kierkegaard was later to call the "Abraham complex." Rather, he drew from the rumbling of his heavy chains the first notes of the song of liberty rewon—a paradox at which history has not ceased to wonder.

Once he had weighed the political necessities and gauged the prevailing conditions, Toussaint could not be turned from his purpose. At such moments, he imposed rigid restraints on his heart and emotions. Thus he arrested and imprisoned Colonel Vincent, his intimate friend. Later he executed his nephew, General Moïse,



Toussaint Louverture, the precursor

whom he had reinstated sometime earlier in the command from which he had been dismissed. That execution was a mistake, and was one of the few actions that caused him remorse in his last hours.

Humble and awkward when victory brought him laurels, he reacted to misfortune and hostility with the inflamed pride that provokes sarcasm or commands pity. One triumphant morning he modestly dismounted to thank some girls, white and black, who threw flowers at him and the same day declined an opportunity to mount a dais, saying that such homage was due only to God. But he replied to the captain of a cargo vessel who offered to take him to France: "Your ship is not big enough for a man like me." At the end of one of his customary homilies he dared to exclaim: "Remember that there is but one Toussaint in Saint-Domingue, and that everyone must tremble at his name. . . ." And he complained, sincerely saddened and disappointed, to Colonel Vincent: "Why doesn't Bonaparte write to me? Doesn't he correspond with the King of England?"

But why go on? No one has ever been able to analyze the mixture of qualities and defects, virtues and deficiencies, that makes up genius, and it would be fruitless labor to try to explain this paradoxical personality who began so humbly and finished by provoking the oft-quoted eulogy: "This man was a nation." ♦ ♦ ♦

The Emperor

Bold, ardent, and rash, Dessalines was to bring to realization what Toussaint began.

Some execrate him for his cruelty. But were the bloody delirium of the rebel Negro and his vengeful pillaging more barbarous than Leclerc's mass executions and group drownings? Was not Dessalines' trenchant order to decapitate without mercy and burn without exception a fitting reply to Rochambeau's suffocations by sulphur in the stinking holds of ships and the Neronian menu of his imported Cuban mastiffs?

Others reproach Dessalines for his harshness toward the ragged beggars he was leading to independence. Those critics fail to realize that any weakness would have crippled the effort, that any delay would have chilled an idea that could live and grow only in a furnace. Destiny, in giving birth to a new nation, does not linger to value human lives. When they are mowed down, there is scarcely time to mourn them. Cities are founded on flowing blood and broken bodies. Let us not sully the memory of these titans by our feeble criticism, so far removed from the daily tragedy in which they lived. If posterity meditates instead on the spectacle of the madwoman improvising a tomb for the remains of the assassinated Dessalines, will it not shroud in deepest oblivion those who dishonored the seriousness of the moment with their lamplit dances and their staggering, drunken merrymaking?

Clémenceau, commenting on Sardou's drama *Thermidor*, defined the French Revolution as a *bloc*; in the same way let us, as Sténio Vincent suggests in opulent and stiff-backed prose, recognize Dessalines as a *bloc*—



Jean Jacques Dessalines, the Emperor

a mass, a monolith. An inviolable mass, before which the brandished chisel and the raised hammer tremble, hesitate, come to a halt, then fall back powerless. Let us see even that bullet-riddled death at Pont Rouge not exactly as an offering to the Genii of Democracy, but, more accurately, as the loftiest period of an ever-ascending life. The life of one who was harshly born in slavery; a runaway among the steely mountain crests and the animated slopes of precipices; who fraternized with hunger; who was intimate with danger; who loved the whining, confused melodies of projectiles; who made practice sessions of the scuffles and skirmishes that preceded the frenzy of the final attacks; who added new stars to the constellations of Glory; who drew thousands of barefoot men and bronzed slaves into the tide of world history; who tamed victory until it was only a docile animal at his feet; who became giddy with imperial pomp that his daily heroism saved from being ridiculous; and who reached perfection in the Aeschylean dénouement at Pont Rouge, in which Charlotin swept away the ignominy of the scene by throwing himself on top of Dessalines in a vain attempt to save him from the assassin's bullet.

Destiny does not follow a logical order, but obeys a remarkable, unwritten poetic law that we cannot perceive. Let us indulge less in recrimination and more in recognition. Let us not censure ancestor worship. ♦ ♦ ♦

The President

It remained for Pétion, the founder of the Republic, to bring order after the fighting ceased. His culture, his shrewdness, and his perspicacity entitle him to be considered today the father of inter-Americanism, thanks to the ceaseless aid he lavished upon Bolívar.

His dream was freedom not only for his own nation, but for the whole continent—a cause to which he contributed so much.

But he had an important fault. He was a whole century

(Continued on page 27)

IRVING HALL

Tuesday, Nov. 25th, 1862.

First appearance, in public of

MISS TERESA CARRENO

The Child Pianist 8 years of age.

Who on the occasion of her First Grand Concert will be assisted by the following distinguished Artists,

MADAME ELENA D'ANGRI,

MR. WILLIAM CASTLE,

Pupil of

SIGNOR ABELL A

MR. THEODORE THOMAS,

MR. MOSENTHAL,

MR. MATZKA,

MR. BERGNER,

And MR. PREUSSER.

SIGNOR ABELLA,

Will preside at the Piano.

The Grand Piano used by Miss Carreno is from the celebrated manufactory of **MEYER, CHICKERING & SONS' Warerooms**, corner of Broadway and Fourth street.

Doors open at 7. Concert will commence at 8 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

1. Rondo Brilliant..... Hummel
With accompaniments of two Violins—Viola, Violoncello and double bass.

MISS TERESA CARRENO.

2. Romance, "Una furtiva lagrima" (Elixir d'Amore)..... Donizetti
MR. WM. CASTLE.

3. Fantasia, "Lucia"..... Vieuxtemps
MR. THEODORE THOMAS.

4. Cavatina, "Semiramide"..... Rossini
MADAME ELENA D'ANGRI.

5. Fantasia, "Moise"..... Thalberg
MISS TERESA CARRENO.

PART SECOND.

6. Duetting, "Il Trovatore"..... Verdi
MADAME ELENA D'ANGRI and MR. WM. CASTLE.

7. Nocturne..... Chopin
MISS TERESA CARRENO.

8. Fantasia, "Ernest"..... Vieuxtemps
MR. THEODORE THOMAS.

9. Aria, "No. 20," (Huguenots)..... Meyerbeer
MADAME ELENA D'ANGRI.

10. Jerusalem, "Grand Fantasia Triumphant"..... Gottschalk
MISS TERESA CARRENO.

MISS TERESA CARRENO,

Will give her

SECOND GRAND CONCERT,

On Saturday Evening, Nov. 29th.

HERALD PRINT.

Irving Hall Début Program

This was
Carreño

Marta Milinowski

A HUNDRED YEARS after she was born in Caracas, the memory of Teresa Carreño lives on, her place in musical history assured. Mention of her name still brings a spark to the eyes of the fast-diminishing number of those to whom her playing was an unforgettable experience. Her stature is still the yardstick by which new women pianists are measured. It is indeed a compliment when a critic writes that a newcomer in the field is a potential Carreño. Though the army of aspirants overflows the concert calendars season upon season, where are the "coming Carreños"? Why is she so slow to share the oblivion that often follows close upon a pianist's final encore? What makes her stand out, not only among artists of yesterday, but in comparison with those of today?

The span of Carreño's career ranged from Civil War days to nearly the end of the First World War. It embraced the rise and triumph of the concert pianist, paralleled by the improvement in musical taste on the part of artists and audiences alike from the time of the Chautauqua Circuits and concert troupes to the heyday of the soloist in all his glory. Concerts by the great artists of the "grand manner"—Schumann-Heink, Caruso, Paderewski, and Carreño among them—were gala events anticipated for months ahead. Concert halls could still cope with newcomers making their bid for fame and fortune. The phonograph was unperfected, radio and television in the future. For a Carreño it was a congenial time in which to live.

The reason for her long-enduring fame lies not so much in the facts of her kaleidoscopic career as in the kind of person she was fundamentally. Experts agree that the first years of childhood are the determining ones. In the case of Teresita the prodigy, this is undeniably true. Before she could form sentences, long before her father gave her the first piano lesson, she was at home with music. Singing cradle songs to her dolls became a daily rite, and as soon as she could reach the keyboard on tiptoe, the background music she invented to fit the



Child prodigy as Cuban audiences saw her during her triumphal tour of that country in 1863

fantastic stories dictated by her imagination flowed naturally from fingers as yet untrained, but already well coordinated. No wonder her friends, whom she delighted to entertain with her so-called "operas," compared her, sometimes in flowery verse, not only to the young Mozart but to an angel from Heaven.

This God-given genius for music in general, and for one instrument in particular, was complemented by a friendly, fun-loving, outpouring nature—a secondary asset but an important one. Life and music were games in which she invariably came out the winner. This inborn assurance, a consciousness of self entirely without self-consciousness, never failed her from happy childhood on through the triumph and disaster with which her days were to be surcharged. A much-quoted anecdote makes this vivid. As a very young girl in London, Teresita often met with Anton Rubinstein. He and Louis Moreau Gottschalk were her idols among pianists. In turn he called her his "sunshine" and often gave her an informal music lesson. On one such occasion he tried to make her interpret a certain passage as he did. "Why should I?" asked Teresita. "Because I am Rubinstein," countered the master. Undaunted, and with an exaggerated wide-sweeping gesture, the young girl pointed at herself, asserting once and for all her right to self-expression with the simple words: "And I am Carreño."

Carreño was fortunate in her teachers. Her father, who in leisure hours had developed a system of piano technique all his own, taught her an easy and accurate way of playing. From the few intermittent lessons with Gottschalk and Rubinstein she absorbed effortless freedom and delight in brilliant virtuosity. There was a period of more formal training in Paris under the guidance of the famous Marmontel. The three unhappy years of marriage with pianist Eugen d'Albert were also fruitful. They gave her a new sense of classical style, an awareness of her primary obligation as an interpreter: to respect and bring to life the intention of the composer. And all her life she continued to learn in the best school of all, that

of observation and experience.

Independence of thought and action is bound to develop luxuriantly in ground well fertilized by genius and consciousness of self. The force of circumstance also played its part. When Teresa was a child, it catapulted the Carreños from riches in Venezuela to poverty and exile in the United States almost overnight and tore her from the security of a well-established home and made her the itinerant breadwinner for her family in a forbidding country whose language she could neither speak nor understand. Then, as later in life, she met catastrophe head-on, taking glory and adversity, privilege and responsibility, in her stride. Her father was the one who paced the floor in stage fright while his little daughter, accepting the challenge gaily, played the *Capriccio Brillante* of Mendelssohn with the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra only a few days after she first laid eyes on the music. Her father was the one to be impressed by an invitation from the White House for a command performance before Abraham Lincoln himself. His was the humiliation, also, when, annoyed by a stool that squeaked and a piano badly out of tune, Teresita chose to embark upon an endless stream of improvised variations on *Listen to the Mockingbird*, a song which the President had casually requested as one of his favorites. This same insistence upon living her life as she saw fit without interference, this same independence of action, accompanied her through the years. It is summed up in her reaction to the question of a friend relating to some controversial subject. Asked what side she intended to take, Carreño characteristically answered: "I never take sides. I take a stand."

Whatever the stand, she took it with almost psychic intuition, perhaps the most precious quality of all those she was endowed with. Instead of relying upon the roundabout way of mathematical calculation and careful reasoning, she chose the direct approach, the short cut from heart to heart. This accounted both for the spontaneity of her playing and for the electric contact she established with listeners all over the world. It was intuition that made her, as a child, confidently able to reassure her terrified fellow-passengers during storm and shipwreck that all would reach their destination safely. Later it was again intuition that warned her against friendship with d'Albert. (But, alas, it took no more than his playing of a Beethoven concerto to turn repulsion into love.) Finally, in 1916, Carreño almost canceled the journey to the United States that ended with her death the following year, because of a premonition of disaster. Had she obeyed its warning, had she rested (her fatal illness was the result of many years of overwork), her life might have been prolonged, her end a happier one.

As might be expected, impulse was apt to affect not only her own actions, but those of people around her. She was completely unpredictable. Established for the summer in the Bavarian Alps with a dozen pupils in tow from all over the globe, she would suddenly decide on a day's notice to leave for Italy to take advantage of baths that were supposed to soothe jangled nerves. Or a student might arrive keyed up for a lesson only to be

At fifteen the fabulous girl from Venezuela was the envied darling of Paris and London



On the stage Carreño wore custom-made gowns of satins, silks, and velvets, laden with lace and embroidery. This photograph was taken about 1902

taken for a walk instead. Of course, it was her family that suffered most from these ups and downs of her emotional thermometer. They could never be sure whether the day would be spent in the sunshine of Carreño's high spirits or under the cloud of her displeasure or depression.

Without the warmth of this overwhelming temperament, however, she could not have merited the title conferred upon her at the age of thirty-six after her decisively triumphant Berlin debut—that of “the Walküre of the Piano.” To my mind, there is only one who even remotely approaches Carreño's universal appeal, another South American and onetime prodigy: Guiomar Novaes of Brazil. She, too, immediately captivates her listeners, so that for the moment it is not a concert performance they are attending but music that is being shared, and lived, and loved. So Carreño played her way over the world, giving her music to the public she loved as a friend. In her own words to Carrie Keating Reed, one close to her during the depressing days of her second marriage:

Often when I look back upon my life, during which I have tried to do, as far as I know how, my duty, I wonder

whether it has been worth while—in view of the bitter disappointments, the disillusion and the ingratitude on the part of those for whom I made so many sacrifices which I have suffered. Well, darling dearest! I have been so generously treated by my friends and the publics of all the countries in which I have appeared, I have had so much kindness and affection bestowed upon me that, when my heart aches and I wonder if “*le jeu valait la chandelle*,” I find that it certainly was worth all the chandelles in the world, and my heart is filled with the deepest gratitude for your love, the love and kindness of so many dear, dear friends and of that true and loyal friend of mine, and who possesses also all my love, my public.

Just as Carreño wrote her letters in a large, flowing hand, freely pouring out affection, so she gave her music without reservation. She gave it as the spirit dictated at the moment, making it sound as if she were improvising. And every note she played, she meant. I heard Carreño at her best, playing superbly, breathtakingly; I heard her on an off day. But never did I hear her play indifferently. This universality, this oneness between artist and audience, helps immeasurably to keep her alive in memory, and will continue to do so, if only as a legendary figure.

At the climax of her popularity, after her spectacular success in Germany in 1889, she was more often compared with her male colleagues than with those of her professional sisterhood. Once, at a musical gathering, Brahms was inveighing in his typically brusque manner against women pianists, without whom, he said, the world would be better off. A more sensitive member of the group, reminding him that Carreño was within earshot, suggested that he make an exception. “Oh, Carreño!” replied Brahms, completely unperturbed. “She is not a pianiste, she is a pianist.”

Just as Carreño's appeal was universal, she was by nature and necessity an internationalist. Aside from music, the only true Esperanto because it can be comprehended without study, she learned to speak five languages fluently, several others less well. Born in South America, she lived for longer periods of time in the U.S.A., France, England, and Germany. She married a French-born Englishman, two Italians, and a German of French ancestry who later became a Swiss citizen. Her concert tours took her all over the globe. In passing, she dedicated a golf club in Johannesburg, South Africa; was feted by the Maoris in New Zealand; rode camelback in Egypt; was interned in Spain during the First World War; and was obliged to tune her own piano in the Fiji Islands. Wherever she lived she made herself at home and beloved.

Generously, as she took her public to heart, she showered affection upon individuals—first her dolls, then her family, her friends, her students. She was apt to be superlative in her praise, scathing in her criticism, never lukewarm, but not generally discriminating in the finer shadings of purely human relations. Three of her four marriages—with a violinist, an opera singer, and a pianist, respectively—were dismal failures. The only successful one, her last, was with a commonplace but

(Continued on page 44)



William Jay Smith

NOWHERE IN THE WORLD is poetry more alive than in Haiti. The country itself is a poem: it is a land of color—orange, lemon, magenta, and green blending together in incredible and unpredictable patterns of light and shadow, against a sky of so intense a blue that it seems to burn slowly on the horizon, consuming tree, mountain peak, and ocean wave. The Haitian landscape is constantly shifting, the patterns change, the geometric designs like giant crystals form and re-form; and against this mobile landscape the people move: they arrange themselves in patterns within the ever-changing patterns of nature, they move as the light moves, and the slightest gesture, a lifted hand, a nodding head, becomes a note in a symphony. The air is alive with sound, and in the sound there is color. Singing and dancing to the Haitian peasant are as natural as breathing, and as complex and beautiful. The native Creole speech is itself a reflection of the contour of the country; there is nothing smooth about it; it is like the mountains, rugged and unyielding; it has the warp and woof, the twist and tangle, of a wild uneven land. One can hear in it at times a sound such as that produced by large pieces of tin slapped together; at others, the single melancholy note of the *vaccine*, a long bamboo horn, and always in the background the slow pulsing beat of drums.

It is important to mention speech, for, like dancing, talking is an art in Haiti: words roll and ripple from every tongue, and even silence can be strangely eloquent. Haitians have always been tellers of tales, and a whole story may be summed up in a simple Creole proverb. The tradition of the African *samba*, who was musician, storyteller, and poet combined, is kept alive today. So, too, is the African rhythm: the hypnotic, staccato beat that gives power to the dance, animates the speech, and through the speech the tales, songs, and poems. Haiti is a land of poets, of lyric poetry, poetry of feeling rather

than intellect. With the Haitian peasant poetry is a living, day-to-day thing, as it has always been. With the intellectual of the upper classes this instinct has been strengthened by a French classical education, which has stressed the fact that the writing and appreciation of verse is to be expected of any normal, intelligent, cultivated person. The result is that there are surely more poets per square mile in Haiti than anywhere else in the world, and these poets range from the simple peasant singer to the exponent of the most complicated modern school. A recent anthology of modern Haitian poetry contains a map showing the birthplaces of the poets, and the map is so dense with dots that it looks like a black swarm of bees. A U.S. poet entering such a hive cannot possibly be aware of all that is going on; the best he can hope to do in a brief space is to give some general impression of this fresh and lively spectacle.

The number of poets is all the more astonishing in view of the fact that most of them are *published* poets. Publication in Haiti means paying a private printer or the state to bring out one's book. The audience is small, since the majority of the people, even if they could read French, could not afford anything so expensive as a book of poems. The poet usually distributes the entire edition to his friends; recognition consists of remarks from them or mention in a few newspaper reviews, and sometimes, but not often, a notice abroad. Yet poetry goes on, and much of it possesses an extraordinary vitality.

The basic conflict in poetry, as in other fields of Haitian endeavor, has constantly been between native tradition and French influence. Haiti has deep cultural ties with France, and French influence upon Haitian literature naturally continues even today, when Haiti is considerably less oriented to Europe politically than it once was. This influence is often important and valuable. In the early part of the century, however, Haitian poetry

followed the French Parnassian and Symbolist schools so closely that it seemed at times a poor copy of an already fading original. Some poets of this period, whose names now sound like poems in themselves, Coriolan Ardouin, Ignace Nau, Pierre Faubert, Oswald Durand, Christian Werleigh, Justinien Ricot, Madame Ida Faubert, produced much that was original, but much that seemed borrowed and second-hand. As René Bélance, one of the most sensitive poets of the younger generation today, has expressed it, Haitian poetry "was elegantly bored: little lyrics for young ladies, insignificant descriptions of sunsets. In this incandescent island, it was dying of cold. . . . There was no fundamental fidelity to the air we breathed. People wrote not of being, but of objects. . . . And when poets began to rewrite the fables of Lafontaine two centuries too late, the asphyxia was complete."

Around 1925 a group of young writers, some of them recently back from France, sought to break with the older traditions. No account of the development of modern Haitian poetry would be complete without some mention of this "Generation of the Occupation," as they were called. *La Revue Indigène* became their focal point; and although the magazine itself was short-lived, its influence was far-reaching. The fundamental belief of these writers was expressed in the name of the magazine: poetry, they held, should be *indigenous*; they strove to "Haitianize" the Muse. In this they succeeded, and in the process were responsible for producing some of the finest works in Haitian literature. Among the leaders of the movement were Normil Sylvain, Jacques Roumain, Antonio Vieux, Philippe Thoby-Marcelin, and Emile Roumer. Carl Brouard, one of the talented poets among them, captured the spirit of the moment when he spoke in his forthright poem "*Nous*" ("*We*") of "the madmen, . . . the poets" with "hearts powerful as motors." There was the force of affirmation in this revolt; and as M. Bélance has pointed out, few of the reputations of the older poets survived it. Only Oswald Durand, the author of the Creole poem "*Choucounè*," one of the lyric masterpieces of Haitian literature, seemed in touch with the modern spirit. This movement was not merely a protest against the style of older writers, but a passionate declaration of faith in the Haitian people, and in things Haitian. In reacting against the U.S. occupation, Haitian writers saw as never before that their real strength lay not in emulating Europeans but in being themselves, and in giving the world at large the true picture of the ordinary Haitian in all the beauty and dignity of his difficult position. That is precisely what the late Jacques Roumain, novelist, poet, and ethnologist, did in his *Gouverneurs de la Rosée* (published in English as *Masters of the Dew*), an extraordinary novel that needs no introduction. Jacques Roumain is certainly the leading prose writer of the modern period; the leading poet is Emile Roumer.

Like Jean Brierre, one of the important young poets to follow him, Roumer was born in Jérémie, southern capital of the Haitian poetic scene. He studied in Port-au-Prince, and afterward in Paris and England; and in



Poet Emile Roumer is one of Haiti's best. Extremely versatile, his work recalls Villon



Poet-novelist Philippe Thoby-Marcelin, member of PAU staff, has captured the rhythms of Haitian speech



Magloire St. Aude, short on output, long on eminence among modern Haitian poets



Roussan Camille, known for his fine free verse, represents modern break with French tradition



F. Morrisseau-Leroy has sparked poetry in Creole tongue with recently published *Diacoute*



Jean Brierre, one of the important young moderns, is a native of Jérémie, in the south of Haiti

1925, when he was twenty-two years old, he published his *Poèmes d'Haïti et de France*. Soon after the appearance of this book, Roumer retired to Jérémie, where he lives today. He has written occasional prose pieces for Haitian newspapers since then, but has produced no other book of poetry. It is said that he is no longer writing, but as recently as 1947 a special Christmas issue of *Haiti-Journal* devoted to his work contained many previously unpublished pieces, some of them among his finest. Although his famous "*Marabout de Mon Coeur*" ("The Peasant Declares His Love"), worthy to stand beside Durand's "*Choucounne*," has been printed in anthologies in this country in a fine English translation by John Peale Bishop, his work is scarcely known to American readers. It is to be hoped that it will soon be collected and made available to the wide audience it deserves.

The title of Roumer's book is exact; his poems are both Haitian and French—French in that they show an unusual genius for handling varied verse forms, deeply Haitian in vocabulary, outlook, and essence. They are the robust lyrical expression of a man who can with reason call Villon his ancestor. He can combine the earthiness of the Haitian peasant with the elegance of the Parisian dandy; he is at home anywhere, for he is proud to be what he is, a man of feeling and intelligence. In his poems he writes of a great many different things—childhood reminiscences of Port-au-Prince, the English landscape, foreign women, Haitian history, and Indian legend. "I am black," he says, "*Niger Sum*," and says it with humor and without self-pity. He can be savage, too, in his attack on those of his countrymen who would forget their African antecedents:

*Bête comme ses pieds, rouge comme un kaki
je présente au lecteur le mulâtre Bouqui. . .
As dumb as his feet, and as pink as khaki,
I give my reader the mulatto Bouqui. . .*

Roumer's poetry is a poetry of the senses, but there is nothing soft or sentimental about it. It has a rare toughness; he can laugh with the body as well as with the mind:

*Midî sonne en mon ventre aussi sûr qu'à l'horloge.
It is noon by my stomach as it is by the clock.*

Roumer delights in evoking the Haitian landscape through the use of Creole words which have what he calls "the hot perfume of mangoes" ("*le chaud parfum des mangues*"). His work has both gusto and charm, vigor and delicacy; and his love poetry is among the finest this century has produced anywhere.

Another leader of the modern movement in poetry and one of the most prominent figures in Haitian letters is Philippe Thoby-Marcelin. Although he first devoted himself almost completely to poetry, publishing three collections of poems between 1924 and 1941, he won international recognition as a prose writer when his novel *Canapé Vert*, written in collaboration with his younger brother, Pierre Marcelin, received the prize for the best novel in the second Latin American contest sponsored by Farrar and Rinehart in 1943. The publication of this book, which treats of peasant life in a small district near Port-au-Prince, was an important event in modern Haitian

literature, for it showed the world how authentic Haitian material could be handled within the traditional framework of the novel. Since its appearance, the Marcelin brothers have written *La Bête de Musseau* and *Le Crayon de Dieu*, which appeared in English as *The Beast of the Haitian Hills* and *The Pencil of God*. In the meantime, however, Philippe Thoby-Marcelin has not forgotten poetry; he published in Paris this year his most distinguished collection of poems, *A Fonds Perdu* (*Invested for Life*).

What is remarkable in the Marcelin novels is that the exploration of the Haitian peasant mentality is accomplished with the most complete objectivity: the characters are human beings first and Haitians second. The Marcelins seem to say that the situation of the Haitian peasant is bad, but it is nonetheless a human situation. There is a basic tension created between the primitive material and the sophistication with which it is presented. One is reminded in reading their books of the Sicilian novelist Verga, whose masterly prose became a sensitive instrument for recording at close range the tragedy and comedy of the Sicilian peasant. The ears of the Marcelins likewise are faithful to the rhythm of Haitian speech; they can record because they have been trained to listen. The result is something unique in literature today.

Philippe Thoby-Marcelin, while keenly involved in Haiti's problems, is one of the poets in whom one senses the effect of a careful reading of much of modern French poetry: there are echoes here of St. John Perse and Valéry Larbaud, stylistic reminders of Jules Romains and Jean Cocteau. In "*Poème Liminaire*" ("Introductory Poem"), he strikes the note of traditional Haitian lyricism in a fresh and modern way:

*Le bleu inaltérable de nos saisons
Était mon élément, et le vert.
Je vous parle d'une alliance indéfectible
Avec la mer et les campagnes,
—Toute la joie des Isles
Et leur aisance profonde!
The unalterable blue of our seasons
Was my element, and the green.
I speak to you of an unfailing alliance
With the sea and the countryside,
—All the joy of the Islands
And their profound ease.*

The poem continues in the manner of Whitman, but of a Whitman with a certain Gallic grace:

*J'étais le maître incontesté des altitudes,
Je connaissais l'odeur exacte de chaque source,
J'évaluais le silence des oiseaux,
Je percevais le chant multiplié des plantes,
Le bavardage globuleux des poissons.
Et tous les hommes ignorant mes richesses!
I was the uncontested master of altitudes,
I knew the exact odor of every stream,
I valued the silence of birds,
I perceived the multiplied song of plants,
The globular prattling of fishes.
And all men are unaware of my wealth.*

The verbs *know*, *value*, and *perceive* are important; M. Thoby-Marcelin does not deal merely with pleasant

(Continued on page 41)

Handling U.S. negotiations for Louisiana was the Minister to France, Robert R. Livingston



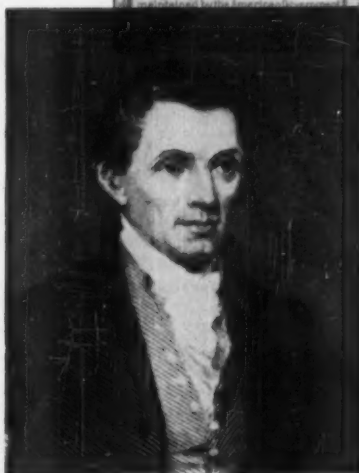
Forced by circumstance to forfeit Louisiana, Napoleon sold it to the U.S.A. rather than let it fall into British hands



Talleyrand, Napoleon's Foreign Minister, disapproved of the sale, but carried out orders



During final stage of transaction, President Jefferson sent James Monroe as Joint Minister to France to help Livingston



The Marquis de Barbé-Marbois, Napoleon's Finance Minister, played instrumental role in sale



ON DECEMBER 20 a hundred and fifty years ago, an accident of history resulted in perhaps the biggest, strangest real estate bargain of all times: the Louisiana Purchase. Though quite unforeseen a month before it was consummated, it was the third most significant event in the annals of the United States, ranking just after the Declaration of Independence and the framing of the Constitution. For it brought to the struggling young republic an additional land and water area of 529,911,680 acres—all or part of seventeen states—at the ridiculously low rate of four cents an acre. The total price was fifteen million dollars (interest payments incident to final settlement eventually raised the figure to \$27,267,622—still a fantastic bargain). Besides doubling the country's size, this diplomatic triumph multiplied its political power and material wealth many times. It opened up a vast territory for new settlement and contributed to the decline of the colonial system, thus clearing the way for the Monroe Doctrine. Ultimately, it was perhaps the most decisive factor in establishing the United States as a world power.

The Louisiana Purchase is the story of the decline and fall of empires. Its significant scenes are laid in New Orleans, Haiti, Washington, and Paris. Its *dramatis*

AMERICA'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

Charles Nutter

personae include such world figures as Napoleon, Toussaint Louverture, Thomas Jefferson, Robert R. Livingston, and Talleyrand.

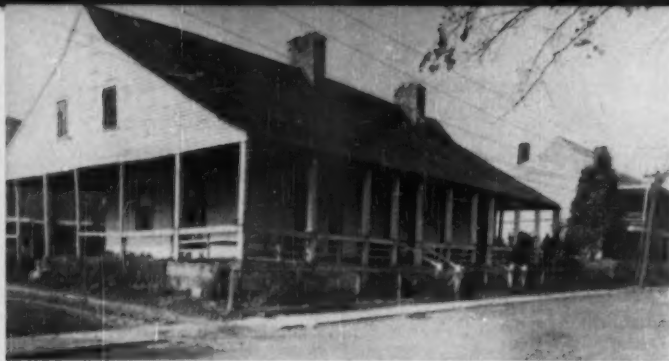
The original "Louisiana" consisted of the territory drained by the Mississippi River and all its tributaries—approximately two thirds of the United States—and included all or parts of thirty-one states spread from New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia westward to Idaho and Montana. After early Spanish and French explorers had visited it, France laid claim to the big chunk of land in 1682, naming it in honor of King Louis XIV. But its boundaries were never clearly defined, even at the time of the Purchase, and it was a constant financial headache. "This whole continent is not worth having," Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac scornfully told Antoine Crozat, its first proprietor (1712-1717), after looking the place over. Crozat disregarded this opinion, but within five years it had put such a strain on his purse that he surrendered the grant. Next, the India or John Law Company received a charter to exploit the territory and lost over twenty million dollars in development schemes. The French Government itself also squandered over forty million livres in colonization efforts.

By 1800 Louisiana had become a pawn of European politics, little appreciated, poorly settled, and of small

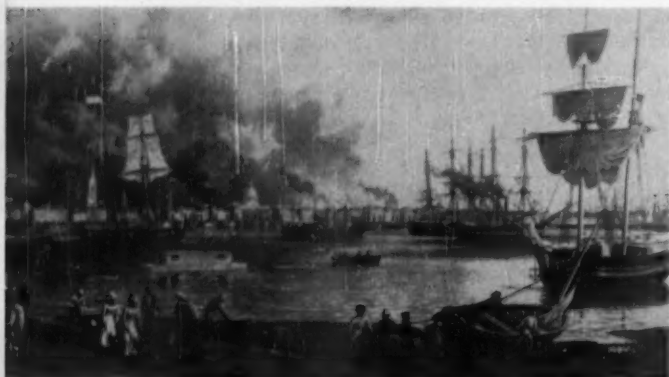
practical value to the French and Spanish governments, which passed it back and forth according to the whims of their rulers. In 1762 France had ceded it to Spain, which occupied New Orleans but did little else to develop the territory. The United States had negotiated a treaty with that declining imperial power in 1795 that gave it freedom of navigation on the Mississippi and the right of deposit at New Orleans, under which U.S. traders carried on a flourishing transshipment business essential to settlement of the western section of the thirteen colonies. New Orleans, in fact, was the key to the whole area, and development of the mid-continent hinged on its being in the hands of the United States or a weak nation. Unfortunately, in 1800 Louisiana suddenly fitted into the plans of Napoleon, who pressured the Spanish, at that time in no position to refuse, to turn it back to him. This unwelcome development caused grave concern in the United States, especially to President Thomas Jefferson, and the U.S. Minister to France, Robert R. Livingston, was instructed to try to prevent the retrocession, or, failing that, to try to buy at least West Florida, and if possible New Orleans, in order to give United States commerce a secure position on the Mississippi.

Meanwhile, Napoleon sat in Paris plotting the colonization of Louisiana. Had his plans jelled, the history of Europe might have been different, and the United States would never have become a continental power united from ocean to ocean. Restoring the French regime in the West Indian colony of Saint-Domingue—now Haiti—was an essential part of the scheme. But the news from Saint-Domingue was bad. A prosperous French possession since 1697, the island had felt the repercussions of the French Revolution in the emancipation of many of the Negroes. Now there was strong agitation for the abolition of slavery and the extension of citizenship rights—a bitter pill for the white plantation owners, who saw their privileged position undermined. Leading the movement was the remarkable Negro soldier-statesman Toussaint Louverture, who was to play a vital role—although indirectly—in the Louisiana Purchase. It is no coincidence that the sesquicentennial of that event and Haitian independence—discussed elsewhere in this issue by Jules Blanchet and Léon Laleau—fall within months of each other, for they stem from the same root. When the former slave Toussaint, who had risen from the ranks to become a general in the French army and governor of the colony, called an assembly in May 1801 that adopted a constitution for the colony and elected him governor for life, Napoleon considered the act tantamount to secession. "Rid us of these gilded Africans, and we shall have nothing more to desire," he wrote early in 1802 to his brother-in-law Charles Emmanuel Leclerc, the general he assigned to conquer the island. At the same time he ordered preparation of a large European army to sail for Louisiana.

When Toussaint learned what was afoot and took steps to protect his people from Napoleon and the reduction to slavery he knew would be the result of the Little Corporal's triumph, he set about his task alone. For



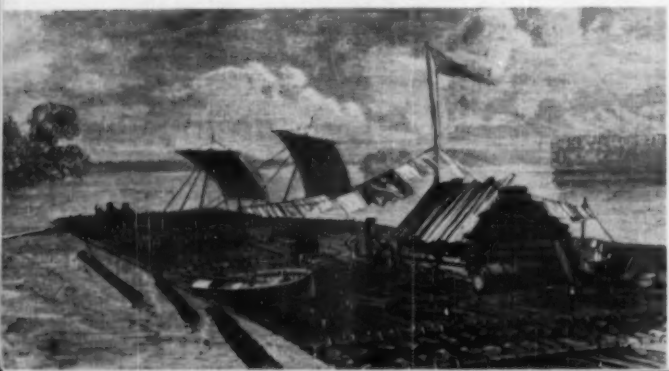
Typical dwelling in mid-eighteenth-century Louisiana Territory was Bolduc House at what is now Ste. Genevieve, Missouri



At outset of Livingston's mission to France, United States would have settled for sale of New Orleans alone



Louisiana Purchase opened up new frontiers, led to expansion to Pacific and union from coast to coast



Growth of the original Thirteen Colonies depended on unhampered movement of rafts and flatboats up and down the Mississippi

although his soldiers had provided material assistance to the United States fleet during the "half war" between the United States and France, he received no help in return during his own hour of peril. With his disciplined army of ex-slaves, he fought the crack French troops to a standstill and eventual annihilation. Yellow fever claimed many of the Europeans, and within six months Leclerc himself was dead of the disease.

In Paris, Livingston had started his negotiations by lightly suggesting to Talleyrand, Napoleon's Foreign Minister, a cession of Louisiana to satisfy certain claims of U.S. merchants for damage done by French cruisers. This he followed up with a more serious demand that France should pledge observance of the Spanish concession regarding Mississippi trade. Napoleon readily assented, but in the midst of these negotiations, Juan Buenaventura Morales, the Spanish intendant in New Orleans, suspended the deposit rights (which had been guaranteed for only three years), enraging the West and inciting serious and inflammatory talk of war. Congress spent weeks discussing an appropriation of five million dollars and raising an army to move on New Orleans. "We must know at once whether we can acquire New Orleans or not," Jefferson thundered. "We are satisfied nothing else will secure us against a war. The future destinies of our country hang on the event of this negotiation." At this juncture, the United States would have settled for the permanent right of joint use of New Orleans for transshipment of river and ocean commerce.

Not for nothing, however, had Thomas Jefferson chosen Robert Livingston as his representative in France. Member of a distinguished U.S. family—the Livingstons of Livingston Manor, a three-hundred-thousand acre estate in Dutchess and Columbia counties, New York—he was called "the wisest man of his day" by the President. He had accepted the post of Minister to France because he wanted to learn the improved scientific farming methods used there, which he would then bring back to the United States. To the job he brought experience as one of the five men who drafted the Constitution and helped to frame the Declaration of Independence. He had also been Chancellor of New York State and had sworn in George Washington as the first President. He had organized the U.S. Department of State and served as the first Secretary; he had established many intellectual organizations; he had financed Robert Fulton in the perfection of the steamboat. Robert Livingston was probably one of the greatest, but least known, of U.S. citizens, and now, indeed, is almost forgotten.

All during 1802 Livingston worked diligently on his mission, writing memoranda, consulting with officials, laying the groundwork of opposition to the colonization of Louisiana, and putting out feelers for the purchase of New Orleans and West Florida. In September, he reported to Secretary of State Madison: "There never was a government in which less can be done by negotiation. There are no people, no legislature, no councillors. One man is everything. His ministers are mere clerks, and his legislators and councillors but parade officers. All reflecting men are opposed to the wild expedition to Louisiana,

but no man dares tell Napoleon so. But I am persuaded that the whole will end in relinquishment of the country—an abandonment of the enterprise.”

Livingston was right, for when the crucial month of April 1803 rolled around, Napoleon added up the score and found it wanting. To the news that Leclerc was dead and Haiti was irretrievably lost was added a report that the British were outfitting an expedition in London to seize Louisiana. Now he faced immediate war with England. He was well aware that protection of distant American colonies without great naval forces was impossible, and he had no such forces. He desperately needed money, too, and some of his ministers, probably influenced by Livingston's earnest and convincing propaganda, were earnestly trying to change his mind about the retrocession.

April 10, 1803, was Easter Sunday. Napoleon was at St. Cloud, where he had summoned the Marquis François Barbé-Marbois and the Duke Denis Decrès, his Ministers of Finance and of Navy and Colonies. After a general review of world events and the French position, Napoleon arose, and with all the earnestness of a conqueror, said, “I am fully sensible to the value of Louisiana, and it was my desire to repair the error of the French diplomats who abandoned it in 1762. I have scarcely received it before I run the risk of losing it; but if I am obliged to give it up, it shall hereafter cost those who force me to part with it more than those to whom I yield it. The English have successfully taken Canada, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the richest portions of Asia from France. They are engaged in inciting trouble in Saint-Domingue. They shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet. Louisiana is nothing in comparison with their conquests in all parts of the globe, and yet the jealousy they feel at the restoration of this colony to the sovereignty of France acquaints me with their wish to take possession of it, and it is thus they will begin the war. They have twenty vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, and our affairs at Saint-Domingue are daily getting worse since the death of Leclerc. The conquest of Louisiana might be easily made, and I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their reach. I am not sure but what they have already begun an attack upon it. Such a measure would be in accordance with their habits, and, in their place, I should not wait. I am inclined, in order to deprive them of all prospect of ever possessing it, to cede it to the United States. Indeed, I can hardly say that I shall cede it, for I do not yet possess it, and if I wait but a short time, my enemies may leave nothing but an empty title to grant to the Republic I wish to conciliate. They ask only for one city of Louisiana, but I consider the whole country lost, and I believe that in the hands of this rising power it will be more useful to the political and even the commercial interests of France than if I should attempt to retain it. Let me have both your opinions on the subject.”

Next day Napoleon said to Barbé-Marbois, “The season for deliberation is over. I have determined to renounce Louisiana. I shall give up not only New Orleans,

(Continued on page 42)

Purchase brought U.S.A. countless acres now devoted to cotton. In Mississippi, modern way to pick it is by machine



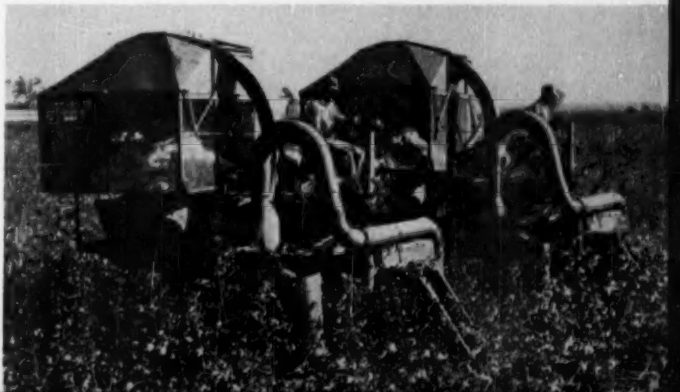
Louisiana Purchase added vast grazing lands in Idaho, part of which was acquired in 1803



Minnesota became the nation's treasure house of iron ore, loaded here onto cars drawn by diesel locomotive



Montana oil and wheat are two more assets U.S. economy acquired through change in Napoleon's dreams of empire





Author's Freedom Statue, executed for 1949 Bicentennial Exposition in Port-au-Prince

Jason Seley

AS SOON AS I came upon the Centre d'Art during my first visit to Haiti, in January 1946, I made up my mind to become part of it. Founded two years earlier by the U.S. painter DeWitt Peters to provide a nucleus for the country's hitherto isolated artists, it was brimming with inspiration and energy. This was an atmosphere I wanted to live and work in. As the Center had no sculpture course, and could ill afford to pay an instructor, I exchanged my services for a studio and certain equipment. Since then, I have spent a good bit of time there off and on, most recently as interim director while Peters took a six-month vacation. Nothing has ever happened to dampen my enthusiasm.

Perhaps the story of Jasmin Joseph will help to explain my feelings toward the Center. It begins in 1947, after I returned to Haiti with a State Department grant for creative sculpture. That year, the sculpture program was broadened—as the painting program had already been—by the advent of the so-called “primitive” or popular artist. The primitive does not come to us for esthetic

instruction or for help in forming his ideas; whatever he needs along those lines has already been given him by his culture and his unsophisticated personality. All we can give him is materials, tools, knowledge of how to use them, and sympathetic understanding as he works out his own destiny.

Every month or so we would take our terra-cottas for firing to the kiln of the La Baudry brick works, twenty-five miles of bad road out of Port-au-Prince. This was real back country; the peasants of the region seldom went down to the capital and knew automobiles only as dust-raising devices that appeared infrequently and frightened the animals. Here a timid boy who looked to be about twelve conducted me to a thatched hut containing fifteen or more terra-cotta sculptures—most merely naive copies of the works we had been bringing to the kiln, a few entirely original in conception. He alone, of all those who watched us so eagerly, had been stimulated to produce sculpture of his own. With my limited Creole,

a sculptor

As author watches, popular artist Jasmin Joseph puts finishing touches to terra-cotta brick for one of his unique windows



I could not tell him how much this discovery excited me or how important it was for him to express himself rather than imitate others. I could only offer him the change in my pockets and what was left of a package of cigarettes for one of his original creations.

On my next trip, I learned through an interpreter that his name was Jasmin Joseph, that he was really nineteen, that he could not read or write, that he worked at the pottery (the familiarity with his material thus acquired accounted for the excellence of his craftsmanship). I explained what we at the Center could do for him: display his work, sell it perhaps, help him in other ways. Before long he was able to leave the pottery and live on the proceeds from his sculpture, though at first, since the pleasure of working on it was the only reward he sought, it was only with difficulty that we prevented him from making us a present of it.

The day of my return to Haiti last March, after a three-and-a-half-year absence, I dined at a newly built

private home. In this house is a very beautiful and original window, made of hand-modeled terra-cotta bricks pierced so that light plays among the figures and enters the room in a fascinating pattern of light and shade. The artist was Jasmin Joseph. He was then at work on three similar windows for the Episcopal Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Port-au-Prince, for which I had just executed a life-size Crucifixion. Critics have acclaimed his work, some finding it reminiscent of Han Dynasty Chinese sculpture. While I myself think it bears a greater resemblance to archaic Etruscan sculpture, any discussion of such historical coincidences strikes me as meaningless. Jasmin's work is his own, with a purity of concept and lively imagination typical of his personality.

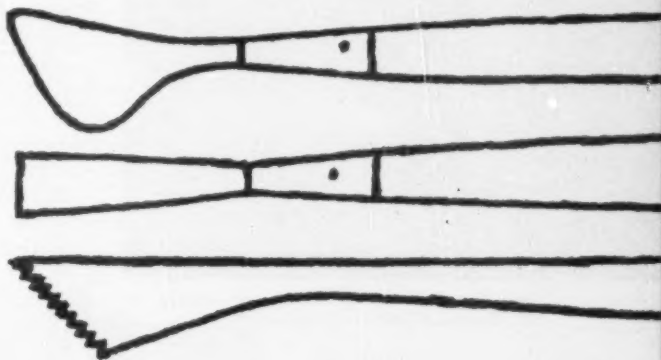
Inevitably, our work with more sophisticated artists has gone slower. These are artists whose creations must be evaluated by the standards of world art. Yet they have little opportunity in Haiti to learn what has been and is being done elsewhere in the world, and the Center

in HAITI

Centre d'Art sculpture student at work in life class under Seley's professorial eye



Antonio Joseph, now in United States on a Guggenheim Fellowship, decorates terra-cotta bowl. Paintings are also his





Window of hand-modeled bricks by Jasmin Joseph shows musicians (large brick) surrounded by bewitched animals



Terra-cotta figures by Jasmin Joseph. Above: friendly lion. Right: man and fierce dog

Murals in Port-au-Prince Episcopal Cathedral are by "primitive" painters from Centre d'Art

cannot offer a wide enough variety of courses with competent instructors. Study abroad is the best way out. Rockefeller Foundation fellowships have afforded this chance for two promising painters, Luce Turnier and Maurice Borno, and the best news of the year was the recent award of a Guggenheim Fellowship to Antonio Joseph.

Antonio was no stranger to the Center when I first came. He was an accomplished watercolorist, a tailor by trade, living and working among the people he depicted. The poor, the lonely, the city slums, were his subjects, treated with sympathy and affection. He entered my class, and at once became equally devoted to sculpture. I wanted him as my assistant when I was commissioned to do the Freedom Statue and the sculptures for the Fine Arts Pavilion at the Haitian International Exposition in 1949, but was delighted that a commission of his own, a mural, made it impossible. His progress over the years has been most impressive. In a two-man show with the U.S. artist Paul Keene at the Center last March, he revealed a strength and bravura only hinted at in the works he had painted during our earlier acquaintance. It is a long time since he has had to make his living as a tailor.

By the time all this happened, the sculpture program had developed into something permanent and fairly elaborate. In the early days we were a good bit less ambitious. In fact, we were entirely unprepared for the response our first course elicited. Peasant folk, students, poor city people, daughters of the elite, the chief of rural education, a secretary from the U.S. Embassy, a newspaper editor, two carpenters, and a mason enrolled—so many that they overflowed the small studio. But the problem solved itself. Many of the registrants had not realized what hard work sculpture actually is, and within a short time we were down to a steady, serious group, meeting every afternoon.

I thought it best to start by limiting the class to life modeling. But how, in a place where a life class was an altogether new idea, were we to find anyone willing to pose? At last I explained our needs to an old peasant who came occasionally with his prize possession, a fighting cock, to pose for the painting class, and he promised to bring his daughter. Upon learning what we wanted of her she refused abruptly, to her father's shame. Her devotion to the arts must be superficial indeed, but never fear, he would find us a model. And he did.

As the class progressed, I demonstrated plaster casting

and introduced terra-cotta techniques. After about ten months, when I held an exhibition of my own work at the Center, a number of the students were far enough along to show their work too. The next year, they were ready for a new approach to sculpture, one that would free them from complete dependence on a model and place more emphasis on their individual capacity for self-expression. Although I am not primarily a carver, I tried to stimulate an interest in wood carving, because Haitian mahogany and lignum vitae are such splendid materials.

Odilon Duperrier was a carpenter's assistant. One day he saw me carving a piece of mahogany, and asked if he might have some tools and a bit of wood. He demanded nothing else; he knew just what he wanted to do. His first attempt was promising, and his second showed rare imagination and sensitivity. Supplied with work table and equipment, he turned out carvings that were praised by critics when they were shown at the Haitian Art Center in New York. It occurred to me that he might make a good assistant on the Exposition project. The Freedom Statue, twelve and a half feet tall, was the largest undertaking of my career. Not the least of my problems was keeping the modeling clay moist and plastic in a hot, dry, breeze-swept country where glass windows are almost unknown. When I was not working on the figure, we would shroud it in damp cloths, then cover it with plastic sheeting, and hope for the best. And whenever, of an evening or on a Sunday morning, I stopped by the studio for reassurance, I would find Odilon there.

It did no good to send him home. Back he came, to guard the statue from dryness and other dangers and prepare the next day's clay.

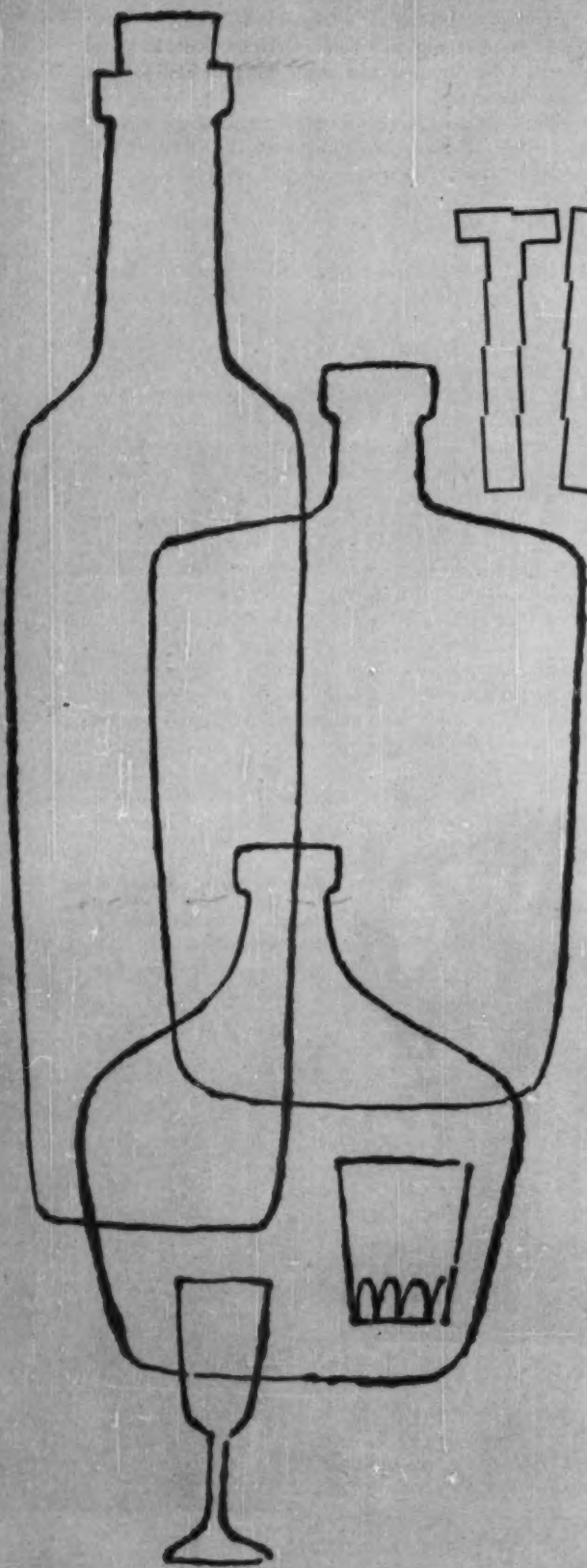
Returning after a long absence has given me a good perspective on the accomplishments of the Centre d'Art. In its nine years it has become one of the country's most important cultural institutions. I was particularly moved by my first sight of the magnificent murals executed by popular artists from the Center at the Episcopal Cathedral; I had heard a good deal about them, of course, and they have been written up in publications like *Life* and *Collier's* and in all the major art journals. As a matter of fact, an interesting by-product of the Center's activities has been the number of tourists attracted to Haiti as a result of the publicity we have received. Work by our artists sells in ever-increasing volume. It has been shown not only in most of the other American republics but in the leading museums of Amsterdam, Paris, Zurich, and London. It is represented in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the San Francisco Museum, and the Seattle Museum, among others. We have awakened an interest in art all over Haiti. We have expanded: the extra room that I adopted as my studio back in 1946 is now occupied by the painting class, and what was once a storage area has been efficiently equipped as a ceramics section where handsome tiles, plates, and other decorative objects are produced. And most important of all, as our older students develop into mature artists, new people of talent are always coming in to take their place. ♦ ♦ ♦

Wood-carver Odilon Duperrier works on Adam and Eve



*Left: Duperrier's Robber Hiding in a Mango Tree, in mahogany.
Below: Mother and Child, by Seley*





The TEQUILA *Story*

TEQUILA, Mexico's most popular and potent alcoholic beverage, is made from the fruit of the maguey, a variety of agave or century plant closely resembling the fibrous sisal. Apparently it takes its name from the town of Tequila, not far from Guadalajara in Jalisco state, center of the maguey-growing area and site of thirty-odd distilleries that provide practically all the national supply of the fiery liquid. Before it is boiled, the fermenting juice of the maguey is known as pulque. At the start it is mild enough, less intoxicating than beer, but only a few days of aging transform it into an explosive concoction.

Country people draw pulque directly from the plant in the field, but the tequila factories extract it from the fruit, which looks like a giant pineapple, by steaming and grinding. The mash is given a primitive direct stirring treatment, as shown in the adjoining photographs, and distilled like any other strong drink. Visitors are always welcome to watch the process and sample the product.

The Aztecs had figured out what to do with maguey juice long before the conquistadors first sampled it, and through the centuries tequila remained the favorite potion in rural Mexico. With the coming of the mixed-drink era, it found its way into big-city society as well. Fashionable hotels and night clubs offer tequila cocktails, highballs, and collinses, primarily for the ladies, while men prefer to take it straight. If you follow the time-honored ritual, you sprinkle salt on the back of your hand, lick it off, toss a glass of tequila down your throat in one gulp, then suck a slice of lime. It is considered very gauche to take the lime before the salt, as some inexperienced tourists do. ♦ ♦ ♦



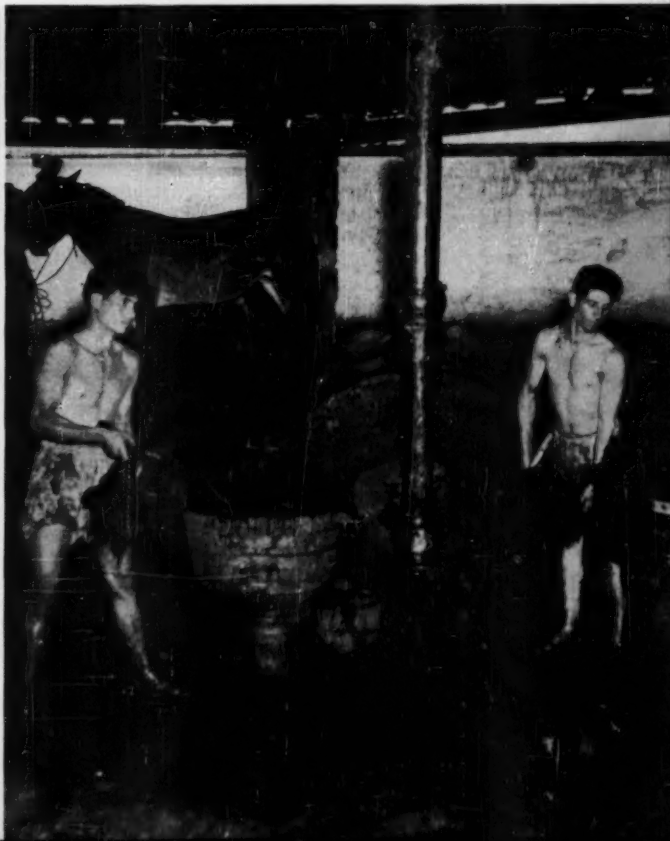
1 Maguey growing near Guadalajara, Mexico. The plant has a higher sugar content than sugar cane

3 Next step is cooking in steam room until fruit is tender, deep brown, delicious to eat or suck on



2 In tequila factory, the huge, pineapple-like fruit is cut into sections

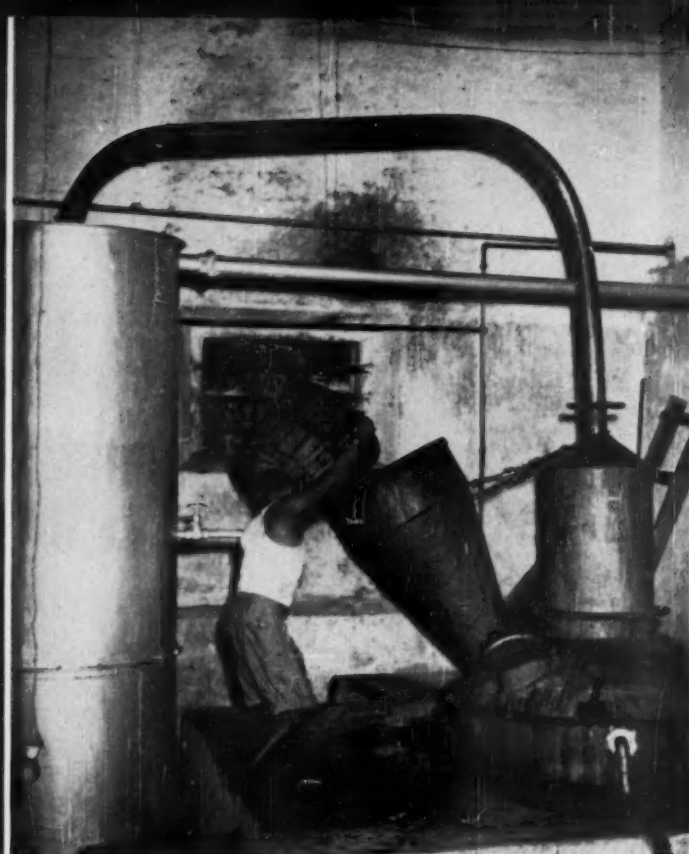
4 Burro provides the power for stone wheel used to crush the maguey pulp





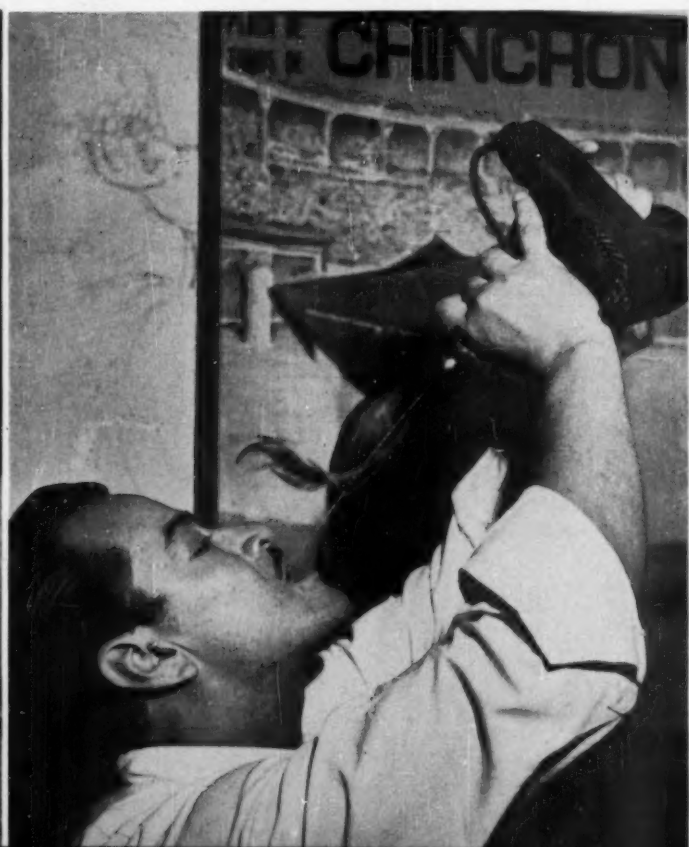
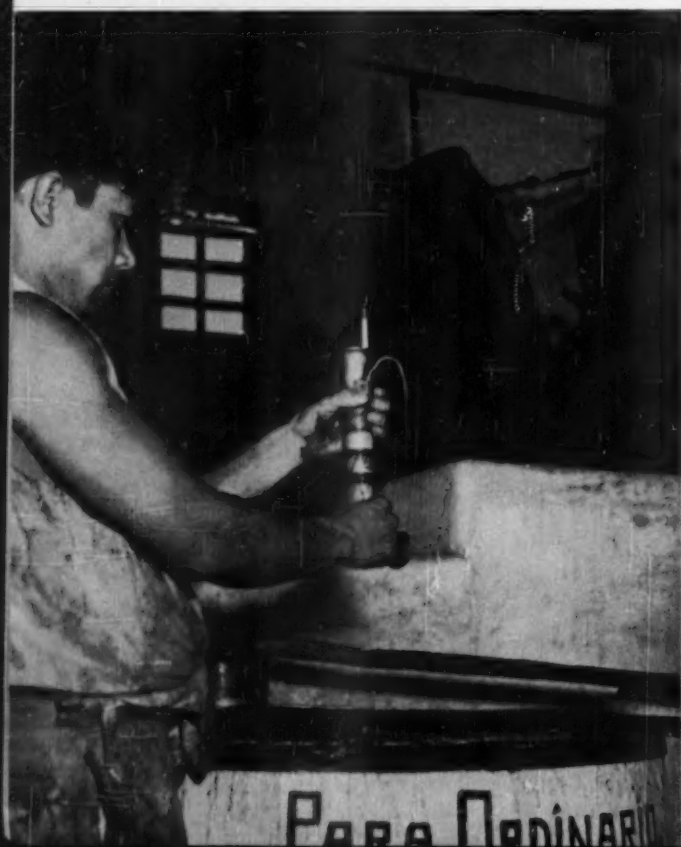
5 Mash is dumped into large vats filled with water and the mixture stirred by the man's flailing arms and legs

7 Testing alcoholic content of ordinary, low-grade tequila. For better quality, it must be distilled over again



6 After fermenting for several days, it is ready for the simple still

8 From field to still to barrel to flask—and the place where all good tequila ends up—down the hatch



MAKERS OF A NATION

(Continued from page 9)

ahead of his times, and stood head and shoulders above his surroundings. This tinged his political outlook with disenchantment—as if, in his eyes, men were not morally perfectible, or as if, in that phrase of his recorded by Bonnet, he was not made to govern them. The qualities that gave him his place in history may seem consistent with the present day, but they were strangely incompatible with the place and hour in which the fates set him.

More than the Emperor, who was an intractable patriot but uncultured and rough, or the King, thoroughly progressive but annoying and volcanic, Pétion would have been at ease in the present, when liberty and democracy are our contemporaries, when patriotism tends more and more toward allegiance to all humanity, when international policy is made under the aegis of continent-wide understanding and dignity.

Pétion had his shortcomings, too, and made mistakes like the others. I do not pretend to be ignorant of them, or try to exonerate him. I would love him less if he were not bound to human nature by defects and weaknesses.

But Pétion is very close to us in the hard-pressed battle fought by his lucidity against instincts run wild; by his conscience against the laws of the jungle; by his inclination for justice against the proselytes of repression; by his humility against the arrogance of dazzled upstarts; by his veneration of human life against useless and multiple murders; by his civilized tact against the

President *Alexandre Pétion*



roughness of some of the men who surrounded him.

And if there are those who unthinkingly or unconsciously pay a double-edged tribute to the flexibility of his mind by lining him up with Machiavelli, have not others, less hostile and perhaps more accurate, reproached him for being too much like the stoic, unworldly, yet sympathetic Marcus Aurelius?

In the moment of supreme peril, Dessalines cried out to Charlotin Marcadieu. The extent of the faithful lieutenant's sacrifice is scarcely reduced by the fact that he was answering a call of distress. But Courtilien Coutard of his own volition jumped to take the general's peaked hat from Pétion to protect him when surprised by Christophe's hostile troops. If he obeyed, he obeyed only himself. And when Marie Bonnard heard the false rumor that Pétion had been killed at Sibert, she exclaimed: "How much I would rather it had been my son!"

Although many writers have maintained that independence was Pétion's idea, I would not say so. Historians today unanimously recognize that freedom was in the air. Even the whites did not always escape the fever. But it was Pétion who brought order to the epic and laid the foundations of a united and cohesive Haitian family. ♦ ♦ ♦

The King

And now, the King, King Henri I. I might even say: the Unique.

It was March 1811. The Citadelle had not yet been built. Then Christophe, unhesitating and unafraid, threw off the strait jacket of republicanism. On March 26, just seventeen days after the re-election of Pétion as President in Port-au-Prince, he put on the star-studded mantle and, brusquely belying Rivarol's description of the growth of monarchy, cast a kingdom at one stroke in the North. Thinking to strengthen his grip on the future, he declared his monarchy and his nobility hereditary. All this with a dignity that seemed the fruit of centuries of tradition. The crown did not tremble on his head, or the scepter in his right hand. Unchecked by paltry formulas, Christophe was at last ready to enlarge his acts to the dimensions of his dream.

Whatever Colombel's shrill pamphlets might say of him and despite the more than three hundred pages of Dumesle's libel, Christophe was a complete innovator whom no one, nothing, could resist. He organized with authority. He performed with prestige. His whim was the first article of the supreme law. A Roman concept of family and national honor; some fixed and crude ideas on agriculture, the army, and labor; inflexible points of view on national education, economics, and finance; intransigent regularity in state affairs; hair-splitting probity on the part of officials; just, severe, and rapid punishment of crimes and misdemeanors; an unwavering policy toward other nations, especially the former mother country—these are the dogmas on which Christophe built the foundations of his kingdom. Pity, clemency, and pardon were excluded as unworthy weaknesses. One of his friends, condemned to death for nonfeasance, was exe-

cuted without hesitation. Christophe took responsibility for the family.

Armand Thoby, in his essay on our constitutions, judiciously observes: "The heroes of his army looked death in the face and lowered their eyes before the King." In that masterly sentence Thoby expressed the King's concept of authority and power.

Christophe deliberately sacrificed freedom, which seemed to him sterile and debilitating, to the peace he secured, to the finances he improved, to the order he imposed everywhere. The State before the citizen. The State above everything. Thus, if we wipe out time and space, Christophe stands elbow to elbow with the modern dictators.

One could well attribute to him this phrase of one of the propagandists of the idea of might in the contemporary world: "Right is what serves the people." But all this had to be assembled in a body of law, cast in austere texts, shored up with implacable sanctions. The Monarch ordered it prepared immediately. Just as the church on the plaza in Cap-Haïtien where Father Corneille Brelle crowned him was built to his order in two months, Christophe ordered a commission to draw up without delay the legal structure he wanted. Four weeks was time enough. Submitted to the Council of State, the legislation was voted after six days of constant work, done at a gallop. As the Code Henri, it was promulgated by royal decree on April 4, 1811. ♦ ♦ ♦



Henri Christophe—King Henri I



Notre Dame Cathedral in Port-au-Prince, built forty years ago, is noted for its rose window



At dedication of Cap-Haïtien sea wall: Mexican Ambassador 1st. Torres Talavera, engineer Clarence B. Moody, President Paul E. Magloire, Mrs. Moody

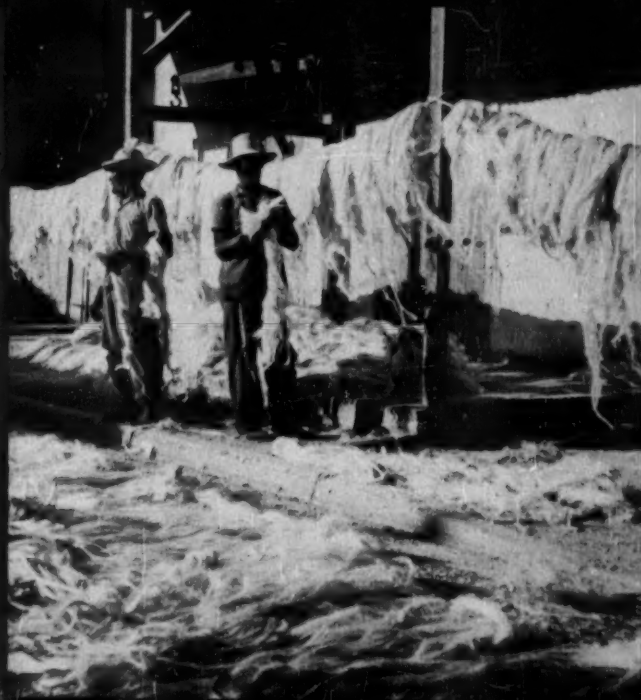


HAITI TODAY

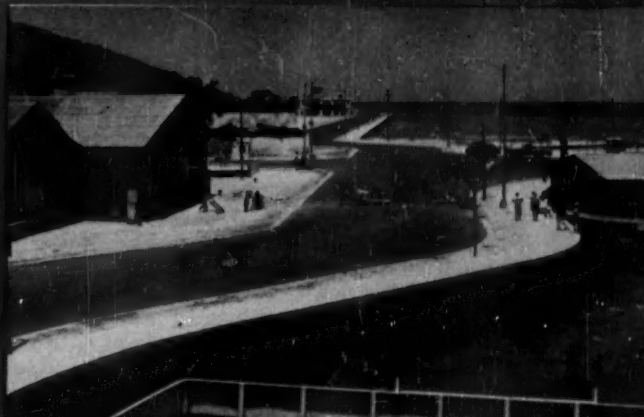


Haitian statue of the Virgin Mary, known as the "Belle Éclaire," stands in the heart of Port-au-Prince, capital of Haiti.

Outrigger Haitian mangrove trees, bays, capricious lakes, and dense, untamed forest are making a growing market in the United States.



Drying plant in the stream, one of Haiti's principal exports. This vegetable fiber is used to make machetes and other tools.



New sea wall at Cap-Haïtien, Haiti's second city and important north-coast hub for coffee, steel, and bananas. A growing tourist center, it now boasts two modern hotels.



Old view of Port-au-Prince, Haiti's capital, from the old fort.



Lempa River dam and hydroelectric plant, to be put in service in December, will open up new economic horizons for El Salvador

LABOR LEARNS THE WAY

Carlos Guillén

REVOLUTION IN EL SALVADOR? Yes, industrial revolution. The Hemisphere's smallest republic has always garnered most of its foreign exchange from coffee—it sold some 1,500,000 bags abroad last year, worth about \$77,000,000—and to a lesser extent from sugar, cotton, gold, henequen products, rice, corn. Thus far its relatively few factories, manufacturing textiles, shoes, building materials, leather goods, and food products, are so modest that they are unable to keep pace with consumer demand. But in December the big World-Bank-financed Lempa River hydroelectric plant will begin operation in Chorrera, some thirty-five miles from the capital, offering new power resources for El Salvador's budding industries. The plant's present capacity of 30,000 kilowatts will be stepped up to 75,000 kw. as the need arises.

Like several Latin American countries with anachronistic economies, El Salvador is trying to telescope decades of industrial development into a few years. But the government astutely realizes that it must grapple with the social problems that follow in the wake of industrialization. How can you boost productivity in a country where 70 per cent of the population is illiterate? What measures can a government take to make the labor movement more effective and promote smooth relations with capital? (None of El Salvador's thirty-two unions is more than three years old, all having sprung up since a 1950 law established workers' freedom to associate, and it's only a matter of months since the country joined

the International Labor Organization.) Clearly, workers' education is indispensable, but how much of the burden must the government assume and how much can the unions handle? What are the best educational tools?

Three years ago, when the Pan American Union held a regional seminar on social affairs in El Salvador, the adult education technique of the "labor institute" was suggested to the representatives of the various countries present as an effective procedure for training workers to play a responsible role in improving their own living standards and knowledge. A short-term intensive training course for workers, the labor institute is an informal gathering of educators, economists, public-health doctors, labor experts, social workers, and, of course, the workers themselves. The specialists explain the theoretical aspects of a given problem in simple terms, then invite the workers to discuss its practical aspects. It is a procedure that has been widely used by labor unions in the United States in cooperation with university faculties.

For some time the Salvadorean Ministry of Labor and Social Welfare has been conducting workers' education programs and courses on cooperatives, industrial hygiene, and accident prevention. Following the PAU seminar, a separate section devoted to workers' education was set up in the Ministry, and this year the Government asked the Pan American Union to send a technician to help organize the initial experiment in Latin America with the labor institute technique.

The First National Labor Institute was conducted for two weeks in July in San Salvador, at the headquarters of the *Círculo Magisterial Salvadoreño*, a teachers' association. Participating, in addition to the Labor Ministry, were representatives from each union, the Education Ministry (called the *Ministerio de Cultura Popular* in El Salvador), and the School of Social Service.

To insure free and frank discussion, these gatherings are usually limited to around fifty people; the Salvadorean Institute was attended by forty-seven workers—mostly educational secretaries of the unions—and a dozen educators and experts in economics and social affairs. Split into groups of fifteen, they studied intensively at afternoon and evening sessions four major problems bearing on labor: the gaps left by the workers' inadequate schooling and how the government and the unions could fill them; the rights as well as the responsibilities of the unions vis-à-vis the community; collective bargaining as a means of protecting the workers' rights; and the role of cooperatives.

In years past various courses have brought teachers and workers together, but the Institute gave the specialists in various fields, as well as the educators, an illuminating opportunity to rub elbows with the workers. In place of spoon-fed learning, the workers had a chance to air their views with dignity and, in terms of their own experience, help examine problems touching them.

The tailors and shoemakers complained bitterly of the new industrialization. Unlike the cooperatives, they had no capital to invest in machinery. Before this unwelcome competition appeared on the business horizon, for example, small Salvadoreans' school uniforms were supplied by individual artisans, who turned out three to five hundred a year at a price of fifteen colones each (a colón

is worth about forty cents). But now machine-made uniforms, produced by cooperatives, could be supplied at the rate of five thousand per year at a cost of only eight colones apiece.

One worker offered a candid explanation of what he was up against. On an income of six colones a day, he had to support a family of eleven, including three youngsters of his own and six of his sister's children. "Naturally," the man admitted, "it is not up to my boss to raise my pay so that I can provide food for those extra mouths. But what can I do?" In revealing such financial plights, the Institute pointed the way so that Salvadorean social welfare agencies can adjust their programs to fit existing needs.

In general the Institute did not look for answers; its aim was chiefly to study the problems objectively—especially those growing out of incipient industrialization—and, by promoting full discussion, to help the workers find solutions themselves. To stimulate the round-table procedure, supplementary study guides were furnished that included information based on actual cases. One, for example, told the whole story of the campaign against disease in the town of Cochalio. There on the Bay of Fonseca the Salvadorean Government is building a fourteen-family tourist hotel for workers, equipped with library, a billiard room, and swimming beach. The construction laborers, even though they were only a stone's throw from the water, were reluctant to take baths because they were afraid of catching cold. So before the doctors could persuade them to follow the most elementary rules for good health, they had to break down ingrained habits and superstitions.

On the lighter side, entertainment at the Institute was furnished by the Workers' Theater, a troupe of young artists from the San Salvador and Santa Ana unions who have a portable stage for performances in parks, schools, and union meeting halls. Under the direction of Argentine Professor Dario Cossier, they performed Eugene O'Neill's *Bound East for Cardiff*, which is set in 1905 on a freighter. Music was provided by a string orchestra from the Cuscatlán unions.

One of the most rewarding results of the Institute was the wide evidence of labor's determination to work closely with public and private institutions to eradicate illiteracy in the country. The unions of electricians, railroad workers, carpenters, spinners, furriers, butchers, and cobblers, among others, are planning to reorganize their educational services and make frequent use of the institute technique. The directors of workers' education in El Salvador were equally enthusiastic. From August 30 to September 4 they held an institute for labor and management on industrial hygiene and accident prevention, projects that were formerly tackled solely through an "Industrial Safety Week." As one of the technicians who took part in the meeting put it: "The First National Labor Institute made more Salvadoreans receptive to group conferences, and the Government is beginning to realize the value of industry-wide bargaining. With the first Institute the infant unions got to their knees; with the second, they started to creep." ♦ ♦ ♦

A group of Salvadorean workers studies use of collective contracts to improve working conditions

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



On the opening day of the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Boards of Governors of the International Bank and the International Monetary Fund, these two organizations held a gala reception in the Aztec Garden of the Pan American Union. Much of diplomatic Washington attended, together with representatives of fifty-five member countries of the Bank and Fund.

Before taking off for an extensive tour of the United States as the guests of Pan American-Grace Airways, to celebrate the airline's twenty-fifth anniversary, a delegation of youthful Panamanians met with their country's President, Colonel José A. Remón, in Panama City. They joined other "Junior Ambassadors" between the ages of fourteen and sixteen from Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru, all selected by the Presidents of their respective countries. Their itinerary included a stop in Washington, where they were welcomed by President Eisenhower and visited the Pan American Union. President Remón also departed for the United States toward the end of September. During his state visit to Washington, the OAS Council gave a luncheon in his honor at the Pan American Union.



Haiti became the eleventh country to deposit the instrument of ratification of the Inter-American Convention on the Rights of the Author in Literary, Scientific, and Artistic Works when its OAS Ambassador Jacques François signed the required documents at the Pan American Union recently. Looking on are (from left) OAS Interim Representative Pierre Carrié; Dr. Manuel Canyes, chief of the PAU division of law and treaties (standing); and OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger.



To inaugurate its Ad Hoc Committee for the Study of Low-Cost Housing Problems in Latin America, the Inter-American Economic and Social Council held a special session at the Pan American Union. Addressing the meeting is Albert M. Cole, Administrator of the U.S. Housing and Home Finance Agency and chief of the U.S. delegation to the Ad Hoc Committee—which included his assistant, Mr. Jacob L. Crane, and Dr. Raphael L. Picó, Chairman of the Puerto Rican Planning Board (both on Mr. Cole's left). Looking on are (from left) I-A Ecosoc Alternate Representative José T. Barón of Cuba, U.S. I-A Ecosoc Ambassador Merwin L. Bohan, and Haitian I-A Ecosoc Representative Alain Turnier.

At the opening of his first one-man show in the United States, held at the Pan American Union, Cuban artist Roberto Diago (left) was on hand to greet (from left) Mrs. John A. Pope, Director of Traveling Exhibits of the Smithsonian Institution, and OAS Interim Representative José T. Barón and Mrs. Barón, of Cuba. Mr. Diago, who graduated from the National School of Fine Arts in Havana, is well known among the Cuban modernists. A skilled draftsman with a highly imaginative expression, he has been especially successful with woodcuts. His work has been exhibited in many parts of the world, and one of his drawings is part of the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. At present he is a professor at the School of Plastic Arts in Matanzas, Cuba.



CO-OPS AND HOUSING

WRITING FOR THE highly informative *Universidad de Antioquia*, published quarterly in Medellín, Colombia, Carlos Burr, director of the training centers for leaders of the cooperative movement under the OAS technical co-operation program, came up with some challenging ideas about Latin America's housing crisis:

"Housing is one of the biggest problems confronting Latin America at the present time. According to reliable estimates, 11,500,000 new units, which would cost about fifteen billion dollars, are needed right now . . . by families that cannot afford to build them for themselves. . . .

"There is no need to point out the sociological, psychological, and economic reverberations of such a shortage. Even a cursory survey of the situation reveals its effect on family life, morality, alcoholism, and the worker's attitude toward the society he belongs to. Providing the working classes with hygienic, stable living conditions is a vital step toward achieving their full integration in a country's social structure. . . .

"For many years, to a greater or lesser degree, the housing problem has attracted the attention of Latin American governments. But even in the world's most highly industrialized countries official efforts in this field have never provided a complete solution. The tremendous workers' housing project undertaken by the German Government after World War I, for example, was only partially carried out because not enough funds were available. Even if we consider governments primarily responsible for tackling the problem of housing shortages, we have to supplement their efforts. . . .

"One possibility that has scarcely been tried in Latin America is the 'self-help' system, whereby the government, instead of undertaking direct construction projects, assists the individual home-builder by furnishing a subsidy, building materials at cost, or free technical advice. This method stimulates the worker's creative abilities and gives him a more personal interest in taking care of his new home. Moreover, when a whole neighborhood participates in such a pro-

points of view



gram, community spirit is developed.

"One of the best examples of this method is Stockholm's highly successful 'magic house' plan, launched in 1926, whereby the city sells prefabricated houses at cost to low-income families, which assemble them on municipally owned lots. Preference is given to couples that have children and live in overcrowded sections. The owners do all the work themselves, under the supervision of municipal inspectors, except for installing electricity, water, and plumbing.

"Such systems involve less public expense than direct construction by governments, but since they depend entirely on individual initiative, they lack the dynamism needed to wipe out substandard housing.

"In recent years, governments everywhere have been trying, by means of tax exemptions and other privileges, to induce more private companies to undertake the construction of sanitary and comfortable low-cost housing. But private capital is primarily concerned with profits, and even with special privileges this type of project is usually not very lucrative.

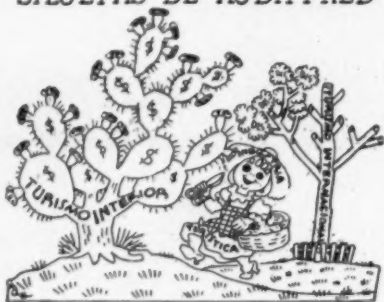
"The best answer seems to lie in housing cooperatives, which allow for a happy combination of individual effort and reciprocal help. . . . It should be remembered, however, that unlike

other cooperatives, this type requires outside financial assistance. Since the housing shortage is primarily a result of inadequate funds, it stands to reason that merely taking a group of people without enough money to build homes for themselves and organizing them into a cooperative will not solve the problem. Supplementary funds must be provided by governments in the form of long-term loans at low interest. . . .

"Usually, instead of individual titles to the apartments or houses built by a cooperative, the members are given stock corresponding to the amount of their original contribution. They sign contracts agreeing, in exchange for use of the dwellings, to make periodic contributions covering their share of the mortgage payments, administrative expenses, and reserve funds. . . .

"Like all cooperatives, these are organizations of people who are interested not in profits but in helping one another obtain something they want. They are administered by a democratically elected board or council. Each member has one vote, regardless of the amount of stock he owns. If a member withdraws, he must sell his holdings back to the cooperative, which in turn resells them to new members. . . .

SILUETAS DE AUDIFFRED



Audiffred of El Universal thinks the Mexican tourist industry should forget about scarce dollar-bearing travelers and concentrate on the plentiful domestic trade

"Paradoxically, the greatest resistance to the spread of this movement in Latin America has been provoked by the cooperatives themselves. At the time they were introduced in this area their methods of operation were not well enough understood. Some groups thought they were forming a housing cooperative if they simply bought a piece of land and divided it among the members. Without asking for any government help, they proceeded to build whatever type of dwellings they could with the limited resources available. Not only were they failing to employ the principles of cooperative effort, but they were perpetuating substandard housing—the very thing they were trying to do something about. . . .

"But if properly organized, housing cooperatives have much to offer the Latin American countries. Backed up by economic and technical assistance from the governments, they can make a major contribution toward solving the crucial housing shortage."

BAIT FOR THE BUSINESSMAN

IN THE FACE OF a 30 per cent drop in tourists from the United States, Mexicans from government officials to taxi drivers have been trying to figure out what the trouble is. Opinions have centered mostly on the lure of Europe, the excess of red tape, and the decline of colorful traditions, but columnist Salvador Mendoza recently offered quite a different explanation in the Mexico City daily *Excelsior*:

"It is essential that we understand the magnitude of the tourist problem and work out the best ways to solve it. Our mistakes in this field are so obvious that it is trite to mention them.

"France takes in an average of nearly a billion dollars a year from the tourist business, but spends no less than fifty million to produce this income. Switzerland's tourist industry is an international model of efficient organization. Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, San Marino, and Italy are countries that consider tourism a vital part of their national economy.

"We cannot be blamed for not having reached such an advanced state of organization. Our tourist business sprang up only yesterday. We were spontaneously discovered, so to speak, by the foreigners. As yet our publicity

has no universal appeal. We play up what we think is interesting, without trying to understand the psychology of the people we are trying to attract. As Dale Carnegie pointed out, much as you yourself may like strawberries with cream, you have to put worms on the hook if you want to catch fish.

"The power of our tourist attractions is beyond question. Although we are located in the tropics, our principal points of interest are found at an average altitude of 2,600 to 2,900 feet. We stand at the aerial crossroads of the world, midway between New York to the north and Buenos Aires to the south, London to the northeast and Australia to the southwest, China and Japan to the northwest and South Africa to the southeast.

"Acapulco and almost all our other Pacific Coast beaches offer warm water for twelve months of the year, which can be said of no beach north of the twenty-fifth parallel.

"Among our few visitors from the United States last winter were some businessmen acquaintances of mine. With the typical restlessness of these industrial magnates, they got bored after four or five weeks and took off for Miami and Bermuda. However, the first thing I knew they were back again, complaining that in those other resorts the water was too cold, the fishing was no good, and they were forced to spend empty days shut up in their hotel. In other words, we have undeniable advantages and need not indulge in any false propaganda.

"Winter vacationists are not much interested in our history or folklore. The ruins of Monte Albán, the Temple of the Sun, and the Feather-Dances have little appeal for the majority of moneyed North Americans. They want to bask in the tropical sun, play golf,

swim in the ocean, and eat healthfully and heartily. . . .

"These are the things that will hold them here three or four weeks or even a couple of months. The other type of attraction—folk songs, the *sandunga*, the *mariachis*, and the night clubs, take up only a small part of their time. Their main interest is to rest, build up their muscles, and calm their nerves.

"Colored posters showing the bewitching houses of Taxco, the narrow streets of Guanajuato, the polychrome colonial buildings of Oaxaca, or the customs of the Lacandon Indians are not the kind of propaganda that will make this class of visitors sit down and write out a check for an airline ticket. What we have to tell them about is the purity of our drinking water, the cleanness of our sheets and mattresses, the beauty of our climate."

HOMECOMING BLUES

A LATIN AMERICAN taking a trip to the United States has certain unavoidable obligations, as Héctor Velarde found out to his sorrow. This tidbit comes from the Sunday supplement of the Lima, Peru, daily *El Comercio*:

"Yesterday I got back from the United States. I spent an enchanted month there, looking at chunks of sky above and the Radio City Rockettes below, eating a million kinds of ice cream and bushels of lettuce between skyscraping hunks of bread, riding roller-coasters, buying cork-soled shoes—in short, enjoying myself.

"I had hardly set foot on the ground at Limatambo Airport when a friend rushed up and said: 'I suppose they gave you a check-up?'

"Then my relatives and more friends swarmed around, and I heard them saying to one another:

"I hope he had a check-up."

"I bet he didn't" (in a low voice).



"The best place is Rochester."
 "No, it's cheaper in New York."
 "In any case, it certainly is a good idea to have one."
 "I had mine right here in Lima."
 "How barbaric! If they don't have the right equipment—."
 "Lola was checked in Boston; nothing was the matter with her."
 "Dr. Walter gave me a complete going over in Philadelphia. . . ."
 "While the customs officer went through my bags, one of the women assured me that Rosita had a check-up, Carlos had a check-up, and Anita also had a check-up. . . ."
 "So it went on and on:
 "It's essential to be checked at least twice a year. Because I wasn't, I lost all my teeth. Look—."
 "And Pedro's eye?"
 "It wasn't his eye. They examined him and the trouble turned out to be amoebas."
 "Did they check your little girl?"
 "Yes, in San Francisco. It's now possible to get a check-up there, and it's very cheap. . . ."
 "They gave my Aunt Juana a going over and she died."
 "I stood up very well under Dr. Powell's examination. . . ."
 "Do you know what happened to Pamela because she didn't get a check-up? She strained her back."
 "It's absurd to go to the United States and not get a check-up."
 "Last year at a certain New York hospital I found twenty-seven Peruvians enjoying check-ups. I remember that Quiñones left limping."
 "As I was getting in the car they showed me a huge X-ray picture."
 "Look at the huge stone they found in Pedro."
 "My whole family and I were checked last year; we didn't have anything wrong with us and still don't. . . ."
 "The ch, ch, ch, check-up—" (that was my cousin Filo who stutters). . . .
 "In Germany we were checked by the section; they begin on the outside, with the skin—."
 "By the time I got home I realized that my trip had been useless, that I had to go back right away. I had a pain in my stomach, my blood pressure was up, and I felt bad, very bad. I went to bed and here I lie, surrounded by relatives and friends who take turns

so as not to leave me alone and who keep repeating:

"Now do you see what we meant? Why didn't you get a check-up in the United States?"

F.O.B. CORDOBA

THIS REPORT ON Argentina's budding automobile industry appeared under the by-line of Enrique Foulkes Fábregas in the sprightly Buenos Aires fortnightly magazine, *Lea y Vea*:

"A visit to the provincial capital of Córdoba, no matter what the purpose, is always fascinating. Traditions, beauty, broad vistas, and the generous hospitality of the people all draw the traveler to this old yet modern city of venerable buildings and towering skyscrapers, of peaceful shadows, historic churches, and fast-moving traffic. It is a marvelous mixture of the sixteenth and twentieth centuries, built with hard work, faith, hope in the future, and the knowledge recorded in the yellowing books that have piled up through the years at the University.

"Twenty-six years ago an airplane factory was established on the outskirts of Córdoba, which has grown into the National Aeronautical and Mechanical Industries, operated by the Ministry of Aeronautics. Two years ago the National Motor and Automobile Factory was created as part of this plant, and already this new enterprise has begun to play a vital role in the nation's economy. . . .

"There were a number of reasons for establishing the factory: it would help maintain the skilled labor force that had been built up through long years of recruiting and training; and it would make use of the full productive capacity of the airplane factory and cut down operating expenses. As soon as the decree was issued, industrial engineers set about planning the assembly lines, and hundreds of workmen began adapting their mechanical knowledge to meet the new requirements. . . . The first cars were completed in April 1952, and by the end of that year two-door sedans, six-passenger station wagons, and light trucks were being turned out in two huge Luria hangars, each with 63,500 square feet of floor space. . . . The factory is working toward a daily output of twenty-five vehicles. . . .



"The sedan is designed for four passengers, and has a two-cylinder, twenty-four horsepower engine. It will go up to sixty-two miles an hour, but the ideal speed is about thirty-seven m.p.h. It has scientifically designed seats, an insulated roof, shatterproof windows, a large trunk, and hydraulic brakes especially designed to assure smooth stops. The station wagon has wide windows, providing perfect visibility on all sides. It is small, but every inch of the interior is used to good advantage. Although it has only a two-cylinder engine, it is ideal for use on twisting and mountainous roads. The light truck, which comes in all-metal and combined metal-and-wood models, has a two-seater cab and carries loads of up to 1,650 pounds.

"The factory is also turning out 'El Pampa' tractors, with one-cylinder, fifty-five horsepower engines, purposely made simple enough so that an ordinary mechanic can repair them. . . . It is estimated that our rural areas need three hundred thousand vehicles of this type. Imported, they would cost fifty thousand pesos apiece; in other words, fifteen billion pesos would leave the country. Importing the machinery and steel needed to build the tractors cost only three hundred million pesos, so there was a very sizable saving. Before the factory started producing 'El Pampa,' Argentina had one tractor for every 6,600 acres of cultivated land, whereas highly mechanized England, for example, has one for every sixty-four acres.

"The Motor and Automobile Factory now employs about a thousand workers, 60 per cent of whom work in the warehouses, experimental shops, and units for manufacturing parts in Hangar No. 1; the rest man the painting and assembly lines of Hangar 2. The hours are from seven in the morning to four in the afternoon. All told, the Aeronautical and Mechanical Industries have 8,700 on the payroll. Some commute to the plant by-bicycle, and others make use of fifty special buses, most of which are owned and operated by the workers. . . ."



books

BOOKS OF THE ANCIENTS

Mary Slusser

AS THE CLOISTERED MONKS of medieval Europe tediously created their remarkable illuminated manuscripts with vellum, quill, inks, and paints, the same process was being used on a continent as yet unknown. Far away in the still, green depths of the Guatemalan and Honduran jungles and in the cool Mexican highlands other religious functionaries, devoted to other gods, were also laboriously recording the deeds of men and the glory of deity through the medium of illuminated manuscripts.

Actually, we know neither when nor where writing, paper, or books began to play their important role in Middle American culture. The famous Tres Zapotes monument and the Tuxtla Statuette, both from the coastal plain of southern Veracruz, Mexico, bear inscriptions; but the dates that have been assigned to them—21 B.C. and 162 A.D., respectively—are rejected by many scholars. These scholars feel instead that at least the place, if not the time, of origin is indicated by the stone monuments erected early in the fourth century A.D. at the great Mayan ceremonial centers of Tikal and Uaxactun, in the Guatemalan Petén. But the fully developed chronological system and already highly conventionalized writing displayed there suggests that writing must have made its appearance in Middle America considerably earlier. Possibly some perishable medium, such as wooden stela, long since destroyed by the inexorable jungle, antedated the stone stela as a means of Maya record keeping.

The fact that toward the end of the ninth century A.D. the Maya no longer erected their characteristic carved and dated stela suggests that by then they had largely turned to the more readily handled media of paper and books for recording religious, calendrical, and historical data. In the succeeding centuries, as the influence of Maya culture spread, all the advanced Middle American groups—Toltec, Zapotec, Mixtec, Totonac, Aztec—had writing of some kind, paper, and books.

The paper they used, called *huun* by the Maya and *amatl* by the Aztec, was made not from *maguay* or *agave*,

as has often been erroneously supposed, but from the fibrous inner bark of the wild fig, processed by stripping, soaking, beating, and drying. The thin sheets of dried bark paper were burnished to give a hard, non-porous surface, and both sides were sized or coated with a starchy solution to provide a smooth, glossy writing surface. Indeed, Maya *huun*-paper is considered far superior in both texture and durability to Egyptian papyrus, that famous writing material from which so many European languages derive their words for paper. The Mexican tribes (Mixtec, Zapotec, Aztec) often employed smoked deerskin in their book-making, but there is no evidence that the Maya did so.

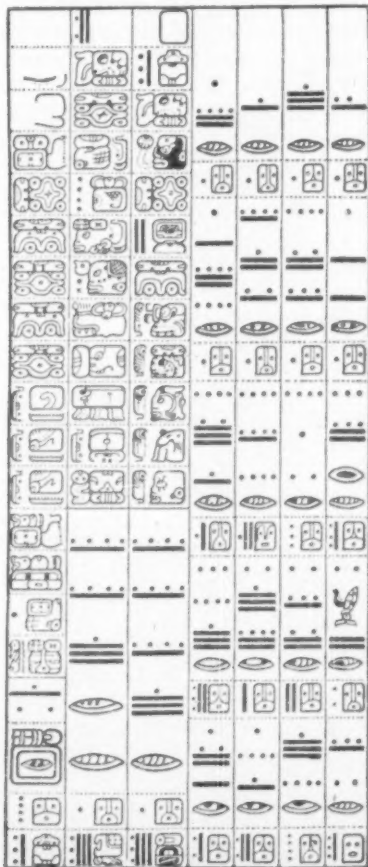
The manuscripts, or codices, as they are customarily known, were made by folding the long bark or skin strips like a miniature screen or road map. Usually both sides of the folded strip were drawn and painted upon, but some manuscripts have occasional blank pages. Manuscript sizes vary, but the average page was about seven to nine inches high by four or five inches wide. Unfolded to full length the manuscripts were quite long—the Maya *Codex Tro-Cortesianus*, for example, contains fifty-six leaves (112 pages) and measures twenty-three and a half feet when fully extended. Others are even longer. Many were provided with protective end covers of hide or wood, which were sometimes inlaid with precious stones. All the codices, both Mexican and Mayan, are polychromatic, using various shades of red, blue, green, yellow, and brown, and—especially for outlining pictures of humans, animals, or objects—a lustrous black.

Maya writing is a conventionalized graphic system in which ideas are expressed sometimes through actual pictures of the idea to be conveyed (pictographs) but more often through stylized glyphs that symbolize ideas but do not actually picture them in detail (ideographs). Mayan pictographs consist largely of elaborate polychrome representations of gods, men, animals, and various material objects. The ideographs, for the most part, are exceedingly complex human and animal (god) faces and heads, hands, shells, and so on, so stylized that they bear little resemblance to the ideas they symbolize.

Phonetic writing—syllabic rather than alphabetic—was nascent. For example, the glyph symbolizing the sun, *kin*, appears combined with other glyphs to express a second word which includes the “kin” sound, such as *Yaxkin*, a month name. The Mayan vigesimal system of numeration is expressed in two ways. The simpler uses bars (which have a value of five), dots (value of one), and usually a conventionalized shell for zero; the other, a series of stylized faces of gods to represent the numbers zero to nineteen. Long, complex calendrical and astronomical computations are expressed by position in vertical columns instead of the horizontal lines of the Arabic system.

Although the Spanish Bishop Landa described Maya writing as “the work of the devil” in his remarkable treatise *Relación de las Cosas de Yucatán* (Narrative of the Affairs of Yucatan), written about 1566, he did set down sufficient data to help the great nineteenth-century Maya epigraphers partially decipher it. But so far, including all inscriptions whether from codices or monuments, only about one third of the glyphs have been deciphered—chiefly the signs for the twenty named days of the calendar, for the nineteen months of the year, for the numbers zero to nineteen, for the four directions, for some gods and ceremonies, and, with a few others, for some heavenly bodies and astronomical phenomena.

Aztec writing is much more pictographic than the conventional Maya writing. It is primarily a system of rebus writing, in which pictured objects represent sounds. For



Page of Maya almanac known as Dresden Codex, made sometime between 900 and 1100 A.D., represents the planet Venus



Notes jotted down in Spanish by priests shortly after Conquest have helped later scholars to decipher Aztec codices. This page from post-Columbian Codex Telleriano-Remensis describes period 1424-39

example, the town of Toliman is depicted not by a drawing of a town but by a glyph consisting of a clump of rushes (rushes=*tula*=“Toli”) and a hand (hand=*ma*=“man”); hence, Toliman, “the place where rushes are gathered.” Color, position, puns, and abbreviations all played a part in getting sound and ideas onto paper. Ideographs, though rarely as stylized as the Mayan ideographs, were also used; for example, rows of consecutive footprints to indicate travel, scrolls issuing from the mouth to suggest speech, a bundled corpse for death, a shield for war, or a spear thrust through a town glyph to denote its conquest. Numbers were in part expressed by dots, as with the Maya, and by other symbols such as a flag for twenty, a pine tree (or feather) for four hundred, or the ceremonial copal pouch for eight thousand.

Knowledge of writing, Maya or Aztec, was essentially a priestly prerogative, though not all priests could write. In addition, the Aztecs, at least, employed scribes to record tribute exacted or received from conquered towns; and Landa, our indispensable source on the Maya, tells us that “some of the principal lords learned about these sciences [astronomy and writing] out of curiosity and were very highly thought of on this account, although they never made use of them publicly.”

As a result of the post-Conquest practice of noting down in Spanish, or in Nahuatl written in Spanish script, the meanings of the Aztec symbols, it has been comparatively easy to decipher the Mexican codices. For example, while we are not certain of a single glyph denoting Mayan places or persons, hundreds of Aztec towns and scores of individuals have been identified.

The three extant pre-Columbian Maya codices—the *Dresdensis*, the *Tro-Cortesianus*, and the *Peresianus*—deal almost entirely with religious matters, astrology (horoscopes and divination), and astronomy and time, as expressed in the various calendars—the *tzolkin*, or 260-day sacred calendar; the *haab*, or 365-day lunar calendar; and the famous “Long Count,” based on the apparent revolutions of Venus. Though sixteenth-century chroniclers, both native and Spanish, agree that the Maya did keep historical records in their manuscripts, to our misfortune none survived the Conquest.

Fate was kinder to the Mexican manuscripts. There are almost a score of known pre-Columbian, as well as dozens of post-Columbian, codices, many of which are rescripts of original pre-European manuscripts. Their contents are more varied than those of the Maya documents; in addition to the sacred *tonalamatls*, or almanacs, they include administrative records, such as land grants and tribute records, and especially, the exceedingly interesting and informative historical annals.

That so pitifully few pre-Spanish manuscripts survived is understandable in view of not only the loot, loss, and destruction attendant upon conquest everywhere, but the fact that this particular conquest was accompanied by an ardent religious zeal that brooked no other gods than those of Christianity. The good Bishop Landa tells us concerning the Maya codices: “We found a large number of books in [Maya] characters and, as they contained nothing in which there were not to be seen superstition and lies of the devil, we burned them all, which they regretted to an amazing degree, and which caused them much affliction.” His counterpart in Mexico, Fray Juan de Zumárraga, in 1529 built a great pyre of codices, including scores from the Aztec archives at Texcoco, and, on his command, zealous monks advanced and put them to the torch. In those flames, in the drifting ash, was lost forever an irreplaceable treasure of native American history and learning.

Some native priests secreted their precious books in the face of Spanish persecution, but it is doubtful whether any thus salvaged will ever come to light. Probably most of these were ferreted out by the fervent monks soon after the Conquest. We know, for example, that the chance discovery in 1562 of a cache of codices and idols in a cave at Mani, Yucatan, brought on Landa’s famous Inquisition and resulting *auto de fe* in that city. Any codices that miraculously survived these determined attempts to stamp out “idolatry” would doubtless have been destroyed during the succeeding centuries by climate and by the hands, gentle but too many, that guarded them.

Nor is it likely that archeology will turn up any in useful condition. Though it is known that manuscripts, along with other paraphernalia, sometimes accompanied a dead priest to the tomb (and indeed laminated polychrome flecks recovered from an archeological excavation in Guatemala probably represent just such an entombment), the intrinsically perishable nature of the manuscripts and the damp and mildew to which they would have been exposed in temple and tomb mitigate



In the year 1045, Chief Eight Deer was honored by being invested with the Order of the Nose Jewel, we learn from pre-Columbian Codex Zouche-Nuttall. Codices are invaluable source of information on Aztec and Maya history, customs, and religion

against contemporary recovery.

The history of those manuscripts that did survive is shrouded in uncertainty and conjecture. Among the gifts Moctezuma sent to Cortés were two codices, for the records of this tribute sent back to Spain list “*dos libros de acá tienen los Indios* [two books that the Indians here have].” We know that these actually reached Spain, for the Italian savant Pietro Martire writes of having examined them when, as so much Spanish plunder, they passed through the *Casa de Contratación* in Seville, but we do not know which codices they were or what their ultimate fate.

Some codices were surely taken back or sent back to Europe as souvenirs or gifts by the conquistadors themselves. The famous Maya *Codex Dresdensis*, pride of the State Library of Dresden, was presented to the librarian of the then Royal Library in 1739 by a private owner in Vienna who considered it “incomprehensible and hence valueless.” It is believed to have been brought, along with letters from Cortés and parts of the Moctezuma treasure, to Vienna at the time of the conquest of Yucatan, when Vienna and Spain shared as sovereign the Emperor Charles V.

Another of the Maya codices, the *Peresianus*, which actually is no more than a partially destroyed fragment of the original, was discovered in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris in 1860. Wrapped in a bit of dirty paper labeled “Perez” (whence the name “Peresianus”), black with dust, it lay mixed with other old and forgotten papers. But how and when this sad remnant of Maya intellectual achievement came to the dusty chimney corner, no one knows.

The Spanish preoccupation with proselytizing the natives had an interesting consequence with respect to the lore the monks so diligently strove to destroy. As soon as possible they taught Spanish-style writing to the “converted” native priests, the receptive intellectuals. To accommodate the few Maya sounds which could not be expressed by the Arabic alphabet they even added a few letters, such as the five Father de la Parra used in the Guatemalan highlands. Though this learning was intended only to further the teaching of Christianity, the native priests were quick to turn their new knowledge to their

own ends, and set down, sometimes on native paper, sometimes on European, as much of their native history, religion, and learning as they could recall or copy from hidden records. Thus it is that we have the famous post-Conquest Guatemalan documents such as the several "Books of Chilam Balam," the *Popol Vuh*, the *Annals of the Cakchiquel*, and scores of valuable Mexican documents. ♦ ♦ ♦

PRINTS OF SAN JUAN

EVEN IN ITS LAST MOMENTS, the Puerto Rican Art Center performed a useful job. Financial difficulties have forced it to close—only temporarily, the members are determined—but just as it did so, it brought out a handsome portfolio of silk-screen reproductions of works by its artists: *Estampas de San Juan* (Prints of San Juan).

During its short life, the Center was one of the most vigorous and important movements in the island's contemporary cultural life. Through exhibitions, lectures, and classes, it promoted the cause of art among the public and sought to develop and encourage new artists. Its members, whatever their individual approach to painting, were united in the aim of creating a genuinely Puerto Rican art grounded in the modern trend. In 1951, a year after it was founded, it published its first portfolio—a collection of engravings. Perhaps the reorganization plans now being made will soon enable it to take up again where it left off.

This second portfolio is accompanied by a poetic text written by the young Puerto Rican film director René Marqués. "San Juan and its inhabitants," he explains, "have often suffered the outrage of insincerity on the part of its artists. Today, perhaps for the first time, we



Prints from Puerto Rican portfolio. Left: Eduardo Vera's The Arrival. Below: San Juan street scene by Luis Muñoz Lee



may know the work not of an isolated painter but of a group of painters of various schools linked by a common virtue—sincerity—and by a single theme—San Juan." Handsomely printed, each by its own artist, these works tell us something more: that Rafael Tufiño strikes an admirable balance between cool and brilliant colors in portraying the humble life of the poor neighborhoods; that Francisco Palacios can catch the deeply Spanish atmosphere of parts of San Juan, as he does in his beautiful *Calle Virtud*; that Lorenzo Homar, noted for the flowing lyricism of his line, is just as adept at the caustic caricature of *Turistas*. There is also a revelation: the street scene done in planes of rich color by Luis Muñoz Lee, who only recently began to divide his time between painting and his older career as a printer. Thus, with these contributions and those of José Manuel Figueroa, Juan Díaz, Manuel Hernández, Eduardo Vera, and Carlos Rivera, some of the life and gaiety of the old Caribbean city are indelibly impressed on us.

The format makes the portfolio a convenient addition to any library; since the prints are on separate sheets, they are equally suitable for framing. Unfortunately, the edition was limited to three hundred copies, and only about a hundred are left. They are available through Lorenzo Homar, División de Educación de la Comunidad, San Juan.—José Gómez Sicre

ESTAMPAS DE SAN JUAN. San Juan, Centro de Arte Puertorriqueño, 1953. \$7.00

BOOK NOTES

PANAMÁ—ESLABÓN ENTRE DOS MUNDOS, LA HISTORIA GRÁFICA DEL CANAL DE PANAMÁ. Panama City, United States Information Service, U.S. Embassy. 1953. 62 p. Illus.

To commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Panama, this attractive booklet, subtitled "Link Between Two Worlds, the Graphic Story of the Panama Canal," is published under the auspices of the USIS. Presented with a flair by Panamanians and U.S. citizens associated with the republic, the text covers local history from Rodrigo de Bastidas and Balboa to the present, and there are chapters on the liberation of both North and South America, Panama in the independence era, and the development of Colón and the Free Zone. Among the Panamanians who participated in the booklet's preparation are the artists Ignacio Mallol and Reinaldo de Pool; archivist and bibliographer Juan Antonio Susto; Samuel Lewis, editor of *El País*; Dr. Angel Rubio, geographer and historian at the National University of Panama; and Diógenes Arosemena of the Pan American Union. U.S. contributors include writers Alfred and Maca Barrett and Evelyn Moore; librarian Hulda Henderson of the Balboa Public Library; historian Samuel Guy Inman; and Murray M. Wise, former counselor of the U.S. Embassy in Panama, and his wife, Edith M. Wise, formerly of the Library of Congress. Accompanying the text, which is printed only in Spanish, is as voluminous and fine a group of engravings and photographs of the Isthmus as has appeared in years.

EMBASSY ROW



Dr. Jacques A. François, Haitian Ambassador to the OAS, in the embassy garden. A lawyer, the bachelor Ambassador was born in Cap-Haïtien, where he taught for many years at the Professional School and the Lycée Philippe Guerrier. After three years as a judge of the Cap-Haïtien Civil Court, he entered the diplomatic service in 1950, when he became chargé d'affaires at the Haitian Embassy in Rome. The following year he was appointed Minister to Colombia.



The Ambassador likes to take the wheel, and has driven as far as Boston and Chicago in the nine months he has been in the United States.

Though Dr. François no longer plays the piano, his taste for music—especially Italian opera—is unabated; he still enjoys listening to his records and watching musical programs on TV.



The Ambassador's favorite author is Racine, so it follows that he likes the theater better than the movies, and the French theater best of all.



LAND OF POETS (Continued from page 15)

surfaces; he goes to the heart of the matter. In "*Le Marron Pathétique*" ("The Pathetic Runaway"), he evokes in the simplest words the moment of terror of the escaped slave, a moment which becomes eternal by reason of the contrast of the slave's state of mind with the lush jungle in which he has taken refuge:

*Était-ce de jour ou de nuit
De joie ou de douleur
Était-ce d'hier ou de toujours
Il s'était allongé
Dans les herbes lyriques de l'année*
...
*Et l'oreille au ras de la folie
(Dieu ayant mis sa main
Sur la bouche du vent)
Il écoutait battre
Au rythme élané
De blessures pleines de cris
Les pas de sang d'une dansante émeute.*

Was it by day or night
In joy or sorrow
Was it yesterday or forever
That he had reclined
On the lyrical grasses of the year

...
And his ear bent to madness
(God having put his hand
On the wind's mouth)
He listened
Through the pulsing rhythm
Of his howling wounds
To the bloody footsteps of a dancing revolt.

A gifted and original poet who exemplifies the modern revolt in a different area is Magloire St. Aude. Although his total poetic output consists of only two pamphlets, *Dialogue de Mes Lampes* and *Tabou*, which come to little more than thirty pages, he is one of the most widely discussed poets in Haiti today. One reason for this is undoubtedly the fact that, more perhaps than any of his contemporaries, he has made Haiti aware of a new poetic idiom. Although educated Haitians were acquainted with the technique of French surrealist poets through books reaching them in Port-au-Prince, Magloire St. Aude has localized it and made it a Haitian reality; and for this he deserves the highest praise.

St. Aude writes in the most sophisticated French; his truncated style is wholly modern and yet owes much to classical French tradition. To understand how he has arrived at a style that is entirely personal and yet linked to the best modern French poets anywhere, a style capable of expressing his own personal problems as well as those of his milieu and race, one must know something of the man himself. Magloire St. Aude is a native of Port-au-Prince; he received the traditional French education of the son of a well-to-do family; he has rarely left the city except for occasional trips to Cap-Haïtien and Jacmel. He has read the classics, and mentions among his favorite writers Montaigne and Emerson; he knows also Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Lautréamont, and Apollinaire; but because of the difficulty of obtaining books in Haiti, his reading in more recent French poetry has been by no means thorough. It is important to stress this fact,

for St. Aude is not the follower of any particular modern French poet: his development has been individual.

While writing in a cultivated way, Magloire St. Aude has broken with the world that made this cultivation possible; he has turned his back on society. He now lives on the edge of Port-au-Prince in a typical peasant's hut, the walls of which display, together with an odd array of pin-up girls, a picture of a Negro's head by Picasso and a photograph of President Roosevelt. He may be found at odd hours wandering on the back streets of the city or seated in a rum shop reciting lines from his poems to an audience that does not know quite what to make of this "feverish and sullen poet."

At first sight, St. Aude's poetry seems to consist of a host of disparate images drawn from the poet's subconscious, and in this sense is like any other surrealist work. But to call him a surrealist one must think of the peculiar meaning of surrealism in Haiti. The Haitian is never far removed from the world of the supernatural. For the masses, religion, even in its more remarkable mythical aspects, is an everyday reality; the gods of the Voodoo pantheon are familiar to every peasant, and as the Marcelin brothers have shown in their novels, are powerful forces constantly at work. Whether the Haitian believes in them or not, he is reminded of their presence—in the names of his towns and his buildings and even his public conveyances, in his Creole speech with its patchwork of proverbs. Moreover, there is everywhere a juxtaposition of the old and the new: the juke-box records in a crowded nightspot while the ancient African drums beat in the distance; a sleek modern station wagon may be seen drawn up beside a Voodoo temple or *houmfor*. The ordinary Haitian, too, seems to have a horror of the symmetrical: everything is somehow strangely askew, the roofs of the houses slant at odd angles, the lettering in signs is a mass of ornate scrolls and curlicues. The shortest distance between two points is never a straight line. In this asymmetrical world where mysterious forces are a part of the air one breathes, a roundabout way of speaking comes quite naturally; Magloire St. Aude has made a special literary use of something that is quite instinctive to the Haitian peasant.

The symbol of the veiled lamp in his *Dialogue* provides the key to the poetry. The lamp may be said to represent the vision of the poet, sealed, cut off from the world, but still lit by the intensity of feeling:

*De mon émoi aux phrases,
Mon mouchoir pour mes lampes.
From my feeling to my phrases,
My handkerchief for my lamps.*

The handkerchief, as in the poetry of Mallarmé, symbolizes the poet's departure from the everyday world, and at the same time his arrival in a world of greater reality. This exploration of the inner world reminds one that while the Haitian expresses emotion readily and is involved in the world around him, he is at the same time deeply concerned with the life of the spirit. The poetry of St. Aude is strangely negative, as his frequent use of such words as *silence*, *emptiness*, *nothing*, *poison*,

indicates; it is bitter and ironic:

Le poète, chat lugubre, au rire de chat.
The poet, lugubrious cat, with a cat's laugh.

The words of the poems appear to emerge from what the poet calls a "curtain of curling voices" ("*rideau des voix bouclées*"); as Philippe Thoby-Marcelin has expressed it, they seem "whispered as if between sleep and waking on a feverish night." André Breton has spoken of the poet's "irony which subdues the tumult." It is as if St. Aude, by denying everything, sought clearly to affirm the validity of human passion and suffering:

A mon mur de suie
Le sable des années.
On my wall of soot
The sands of the years.

In exploring his own unconscious, the poet goes to the depths of the Haitian unconscious, and gives symbolic intensity to the psychological strains and stresses that are at work everywhere. One senses in this dynamic, truncated style the staccato rhythms of his people. The brief poem "*Phrases*" shows something of his special quality:

Sept fois mon col,
Dix-sept fois le collier.
Le vent bossu du fiel.
Informe, froid,
Les yeux sans eau comme la fatalité.
Seven times my neck,
Seventeen times my necklace.
The wind with its hump of gall.
Ugly, cold,
Dry-eyed like fate.

With the map of modern Haitian poetry open before me, I have touched only a few of the many spots of interest. There are others: the fine free-verse poems of Roussan Camille and F. Morisseau-Leroy, for example. The latter writer has given new impetus to poetry in Creole with his recently published collection *Diacoute*. In his introduction to this book, M. Morisseau-Leroy speaks of the Creole tongue as the "ideal vehicle for a kind of revolutionary wisdom." Something of this same wisdom is in the fascinating Creole poems of Milo Rigaud. The map is large, and not limited merely to the physical contours of the country; for the more one reads the Haitians, the more one is convinced that the diversity and vitality of their talent is important to the world. ♦ ♦ ♦

AMERICA'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

(Continued from page 19)

but the whole country without reservation. . . . I do not undervalue Louisiana. . . . I regret parting with it, but I am convinced that it would be folly to persist in trying to keep it. I commission you, therefore, to negotiate this affair with the envoys of the United States. . . ."

Though Talleyrand opposed the sale, it was he who broke the news to Livingston when they met at a social gathering that day. As always, Livingston was importuning him to consider turning over New Orleans to the United States. Suddenly Talleyrand turned and asked, "How would you like to buy all of Louisiana?" So startled that he replied that the United States sought

only to purchase New Orleans, Livingston nevertheless took Talleyrand's advice to consider the idea further. He was alone, and had no authority or power behind him; he knew full well that his decision would change world history as well as that of the United States, and that the purchase would be difficult to ratify and finance. But he acted with courage, decisively, and promptly to make the most of the opportunity that was to transform his country.

"What are the boundaries?" he asked Talleyrand at one stage of the proceedings. "I don't know," the statesman replied, and again pleaded ignorance when asked what was being sold. "Do you mean we are to construe this in our own way?" Livingston persisted. "I can give you no direction," Talleyrand replied. "You have made a noble bargain for yourselves, and I suppose you will make the most of it." Indeed, Talleyrand made it clear that he did not even know whether France could deliver the territory if it was sold, as Spain still had possession of it. But, as Livingston later told Madison, "I was willing to take it in any form."

Although U.S. citizens were slow to realize the significance of the treaty eventually signed by Livingston and James Monroe (who had been sent as joint minister to help with the New Orleans negotiations), both statesmen were conscious of its portent, as was Napoleon. At the time of the signing Livingston stated, "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our whole lives. The treaty which we have just signed has not been obtained by art or dictated by force; equally advantageous to the two contracting parties, it will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts. From this day the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank. . . ."

Napoleon added, "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States, and I have just given England a maritime rival that will, sooner or later, humble her pride. The day may come when the cession of Louisiana to the United States shall render the Americans too powerful for the continent of Europe."

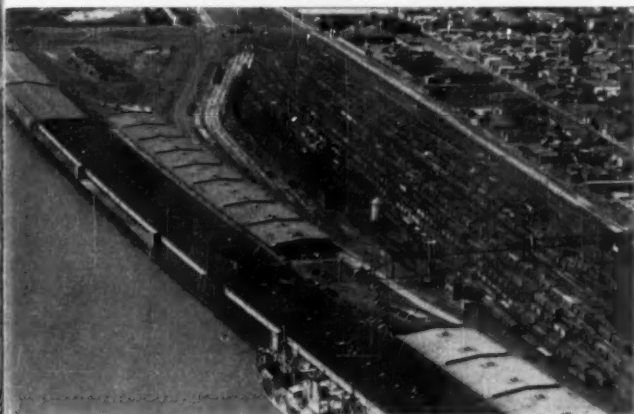
News of the treaty reached Washington in July. The negotiators knew they had not a minute to lose, for the furious resistance it had aroused in Spain and England might persuade Napoleon to back out if it were not ratified quickly. Taken aback, President Jefferson at first considered the purchase unconstitutional—the framers of the Constitution had not foreseen that the United States would ever include Louisiana or, for that matter, be any larger than the original thirteen colonies—but he soon decided that the opportunity was too great and that it was the will of the majority of the people to acquire Louisiana despite any constitutional limitations. He prepared certain amendments specifically permitting the United States to expand and submitted them to his cabinet, but they were rejected. Next, he called Congress in October to ratify the treaty, whereupon all the opposition he had anticipated burst forth. The Federalists, led by Alexander Hamilton, accused him of tearing the Constitution to shreds. Many of Jefferson's own party repudiated him. It was argued that France had no title



Possession of Colorado won the nation untold wealth in minerals. Tungsten is mined near the town of Nederland



Contributing to world's oil supply are these catalytic cracking units at Baton Rouge, Louisiana



Steamship docks, warehouses, and rail yards line Mississippi banks at New Orleans, today more important to U.S.A. than ever



Salt mine on Avery Island in the Louisiana Bayous. Island also produces Tabasco sauce

or right to Louisiana, that the price was too high, that the United States was not equipped to handle so vast a territory, and that the addition of many agricultural states would cause huge losses to rich eastern states. For the first time in U.S. history, secession was mentioned.

On the other hand, Senator Breckenridge of Kentucky argued: "Is the goddess of liberty restrained by water courses? Is she governed by geographical limits? Is her dominion on this continent confined to the east side of the Mississippi? So far from believing in the doctrine that a republic ought to be confined within narrow limits, I believe, on the contrary, that the more extensive its dominion, the more safe and durable it will be. In proportion to the number of hands you intrust the precious blessings of a free government to, in the same proportion do you multiply the chances for their preservation. I entertain, therefore, no fears for the Confederacy on account of its extent."

Jefferson carried the day. Late in October the treaty was ratified by a narrow margin. Four more negative votes would have killed it and lost the territory. Among those voting against was John Quincy Adams, later to become President of the United States. A month later, Congress approved the appropriation for the purchase.

On November 30, Spain returned Louisiana to France and within three weeks, on December 20, the French flag in what is now Jackson Square, New Orleans, was lowered and the U.S. flag raised for the first time over the vast areas west of the mighty Mississippi River. ♦ ♦ ♦

BLOCK THAT TARIFF

(Continued from page 5)

city in Maryland. The purchasing agent of a cooperative housing development and community of government workers wailed about the costly, fantastically time- and energy-consuming business of coping with U.S. trade regulations when he bought British bicycles, Swiss cheese, Florentine leather, and Belgian lace, all of which his customers wanted.

Most revealing of all, the credit officer of a small Maryland bank, a real "country" bank servicing a rural area, spat fire and brimstone over a proposal, then but recently defeated in the U.S. Tariff Commission, to increase the duty on Swiss watches. And what were Swiss watches to him? Simply the life blood of the farmers financed by his bank. A third of their dollar revenue came from sales of tobacco to Switzerland. A higher tariff on Swiss watches would have had the direct and immediate result of depriving the Maryland farmers of their Swiss market.

The Committee for a National Trade Policy has a hard task to perform, but, as these examples should indicate, not an impossible one. A similar committee (with some of the same members, in fact) is credited with changing the climate of opinion in a United States growing rapidly isolationist in 1947 in the disillusionment following the war, so as to enable passage of the Marshall Plan. What the Committee for the Marshall Plan did then in its area, the Committee for a National Trade Policy will try to do now in its chosen field. ♦ ♦ ♦

THIS WAS CARREÑO (Continued from page 12)

devoted Italian secretary, Arturo Tagliapietra. This proved, if anything, that artists would do well to think twice before marrying each other.

In one outstanding case Carreño's evaluation of another artist was eminently trustworthy and fruitful. A lasting place in musical history is due her if for no other reason than for sensing Edward MacDowell's talent at an early age, for encouraging him as a composer whom the United States would one day be proud of, most of all for being the first to play his major works abroad as well as at home. Once, she literally bullied a famous German conductor into allowing her to play MacDowell's Second Concerto, the one dedicated to Carreño, in place of another he preferred. She simply sent a telegram with this laconic ultimatum: "No MacDowell, no Carreño."

A less beautiful woman could hardly afford to be so uncompromising. I doubt whether Carreño herself realized how much her appearance contributed to the effect of her playing. A Carreño concert was something to see as well as to hear. It has been said that just to watch her stride purposefully upon the podium and greet her public with the all-embracing salutation of a queen acknowledging the tribute of her subjects—as if she welcomed every individual personally, sharing with each something of the power and warmth she radiated—was worth the price of admission. The grand manner of her stage presence created an illusion of great height, although her figure was short and stocky. Not only that; her face drew attention by its regular, finely cut features and its flashing brown eyes, and held it by its sensitive play of expression. Her vivid coloring was such that she did not need make-up, and she never used it. Had there been permanent waves in her day, she would have avoided them, for her hair fell in natural ones, shading gradually from black to white. No hair stylist could have arranged them more becomingly than she did herself, nor would she be bothered with a manicure. The nails of her small, squarish, well-padded hands were cut efficiently short in defiance of beauty. Clothes did not interest her very much. You might have seen her swinging her cane on the streets of a fashionable spa, uncorseted and dressed in a well-worn skirt and blouse, quite unconscious of the stares of stylish ladies showing off their finery.

But concert dresses were different. They were a kind of uniform, and had to be chosen with care. Since her interests lay in other directions, she left that problem to her modistes, the best to be had, and, incidentally, the most expensive. In Berlin, for instance, Frau Pechstein, purveyor to the House of Hohenzollern, was given carte blanche to design fabulous, intricate gowns of satins, silks, and velvets laden with lace and embroidery, encrusted with make-believe jewels, ornate as the Victorian era itself. Some were so heavily adorned that even without the inevitable train, it took strength to lift them. Of necessity there had to be a personal maid to grapple with the puzzling problems of hooks and eyes and repairs. Each costume had its matching pair of low-heeled shoes, phenomenally small and narrow to carry so heavy a lady.



Teresa's father, Manuel Antonio, was a distinguished musician in his own right and her first teacher



The pianist's quiet, home-loving mother died of cholera when Teresa was twelve



Teresa Carreño with her children: Giovanni and Teresita Tagliapietra, Eugenia and Hertha d'Albert



The "Walküre of the piano" as she looked in 1916, the year before her death

Carreño had a strong sense of the ridiculous, even at her own expense. On one occasion of which she loved to tell she was to wear a new light-blue silk toilette at one of the all-important annual Berlin concerts. She was surprised and more than a little flattered when Frau Pechstein asked, for the first time, the favor of a ticket. More honest than tactful, like so many Germans, Frau Pechstein went on to explain: "Madame, I am not coming to hear you. I want to see whether the folds of the skirt hang as they should."

It is far more difficult to evoke the performance than the appearance of an artist, and it is a matter of profound regret that no adequate recording of Carreño's playing exists. How did she really play?

In her day Carreño was best known for her amazing power. Nobody could equal her endurance in the octaves of Chopin's Polonaise in A Flat, or in the Sixth Rhapsody of Liszt. The audience sat agape while Carreño piled climax upon climax easily and economically, as if in play. She was often asked: "Do you never tire?" Invariably she replied: "If I should ever feel tired, I would play no more." In youth, because of an almost diabolical joy in doing the impossible, she was apt to overdo force and speed. Moreover, Carreño was not one to tolerate inattention. One night, as she was nearing the famous trill in the *Campanella* of Liszt, she noticed two women talking in the first row. She began the trill softly and slowly, brought it louder and faster to a fortissimo, down to a whisper, and up again, until at last the talking ceased. With the deepening insight of time, her interpretation of music underwent a clarifying and refining process, revealing new beauties as she realized with Goethe that it is in moderation that the master is revealed. Whatever her age, she played as she was at that moment, not in memory of the Carreño she used to be. I shall not forget the tenderness that illumined each phrase of the Chopin *Berceuse*, or the touching lilt of her own *Teresita Waltz*, without which none of her concerts was permitted to end.

A human being is not measured by the sum of his parts. So, also, Teresa Carreño is more than the sum of her qualities. Because her genius, her consciousness of self, her generosity in the service of music, the composer, her friends, and her public were so uniquely blended into one complete personality—in short, because she was, as she so well knew, "Carreño"—Venezuela's great daughter must not be forgotten. Her ashes rest, as she wished it, in Caracas, her first and happiest home, the one for which she always felt a nostalgic longing. As an international figure in the world of music, she has brought honor to her mother country. In return, would it not be right for her to be granted a place in Venezuela's Hall of Fame, its Pantheon?

Words are powerless to bring Teresa Carreño back. She has long since achieved immortality. They can only suggest a way to keep her memory permanently alive on earth. It seems fitting to end this tribute with the words that keep coming to mind as I write. They can be found on the flyleaf of every diary Carreño kept, two simple words: "*Mit Gott.*" ♦ ♦ ♦

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT (Continued from page 2)

3,000-kilowatt generating unit to ease a serious power shortage in the Managua area, where power is rationed after five p.m. Many regions the new roads will penetrate are highland areas where coffee could be grown in quantity. Cattle production should also benefit; now only hardy animals of poor beef quality can survive the rigorous journey to market over rough mountain trails.

OAS Technical Cooperation

¶ The Puerto Rican legislature has just appropriated twenty thousand dollars to set up this year an Institute of Cooperative Studies at the University of Puerto Rico. This grew out of OAS Technical Assistance Project 16, which held a regional training center on cooperatives on the island for six months in 1952. Meanwhile, as a result of a subsequent but similar OAS training center at the University of Colombia in Bogotá this year, students and professors from Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, and Venezuela formed the first Inter-American Association of Leaders of Cooperatives, who will form regional committees in each country.

¶ Three agricultural Zone Centers established under OAS Project 39 began full-scale operation of their international courses this autumn (a few, such as the six-month home-economics course in Puerto Rico for twenty-one rural leaders from all over the continent, had already been completed). The Northern Zone Center, set up in Havana early this year, has recently finished a course in agricultural-extension methods. A one-month course in forestry for government technicians is under way at Andean Zone headquarters in Lima, and two more courses—home economics and grain drying and storage—are scheduled to begin before the end of 1953. In the Southern Zone, the accent is on extension methods (at the Center in Montevideo) and pastures (in Argentina). All courses are given in cooperation with local universities and the governments of the host countries. This is not the Zones' only activity; they also train special students, engage in basic studies, and carry on demonstration programs.

Industry, Trade, and Finance

¶ Brazil is planning to build three giant paper mills with a capacity of almost one million tons of wood pulp yearly and has already started construction of twelve new cement plants that will raise the country's capacity to 4.3 million tons annually by 1955 . . . Chile's budding steel industry expects to produce 305,000 tons of steel ingots and 225,000 tons of finished products in 1953. Exports to Argentina and Peru are running twice as high as in 1952 . . . Cuba has set up a new economic development agency, *Financiera Nacional de Cuba*, with a capital of ten million dollars. It will finance or help finance public works with funds obtained at home and abroad through bond issues. . . . Mexico expects to complete by the end of this year the irrigation works on the Tepalcatepec River that will open 1.2 million acres of land and supply electric power to the southwestern states of Colima, Jalisco, and Guerrero. . . . According to a study prepared by the Central Bank of Paraguay, the national income in 1952 totaled 3.5 billion guaranies. Discounting price changes, this figure represents an actual increase of 10 per cent over 1950. . . . Venezuela has opened its first can factory with an investment of \$2,500,000, 40 per cent of which was contributed by the American Can Company.

¶ Latin America's trade balance with the UNITED STATES registered considerable gains during the first six months of 1953. The area's exports of 1.8 billion dollars to the United States represented a 5 per cent increase over the figure for the last semester of 1952 and a 10 per cent increase over the first six months of that year. Imports from the United States fell off to a value of 1.4 billion dollars.

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1. Rice. 2. Haiti has the greatest population density of them all. 3. Paul Magloire. 4. Port-au-Prince. 5. Straw purses and mahogany bowls. 6. Poets and novelists. 7. Three hours. 8. Dr. Jean Price-Mars. 9. An agricultural cooperative. 10. About the same. (In 1952, there were 78,963 students enrolled in rural education; 77,809 in urban.)

CONTRIBUTORS



The terse report on a new U.S. movement to "Block That Tariff" comes from ALFRED FRIENDLY, assistant managing editor of *The Washington Post*. After graduating as a Phi Beta Kappa from Amherst in 1933, he worked in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce and later in the Division of Research and Statistics of the NRA. After spending a year touring the U.S.A., doing itinerant farm work and odd jobs in the dairy, mining, and logging industries, he joined the *Washington Daily News* in 1936 as a reporter and moved over to the *Post* three years later. A book about the Air Service Command, *Guys on the Ground*, resulted from a wartime stint with the Army Air Force, and in 1948 he became Director of ECA Overseas Information in Paris. The same year he received honorable mention in both the Heywood Broun and Raymond Clapper Awards for his coverage of the Lilienthal confirmation proceedings.



in Chile, Peru, and England.

In "Makers of a Nation," LÉON LALEAU of a leading Port-au-Prince newspaper, *Le Nouvelliste*, introduces four Haitian heroes of independence who were molding history a hundred and fifty years ago when the second oldest American republic was born (the United States was the first). Author of several books of both poetry and prose, Mr. Laleau has also been several times a Haitian cabinet member (Minister of Foreign Relations, of Culture, of Public Works) and has served as Haitian envoy

As a curtain-raiser for those unfamiliar with Haitian history, we called on another Haitian, JULES BLANCHET, of the Pan American Union division of economic research, to describe "Haiti's Battle for Freedom." Educated at the University of Haiti, where he studied law and political science, and at Columbia University in New York City, Mr. Blanchet has already carved out an impressive career of public service in his thirty-eight years. He has been head of the Haitian Department of Labor, Undersecretary of State for National Economy, and Economic Advisor to the President. A resident of Washington for the past twenty-eight months, he is writing a book on the economic problems of his country.

"A Sculptor in Haiti" is a personal account of the experiences of JASON SELEY, who went to the island republic in 1946 for the first time. There he became associated with DeWitt Peters, the founder of the Centre d'Art, which has done so much to focus the art world's attention on Haiti. Mr. Seley started sculptural activity at the Centre, and since then has watched many of his pupils rise to prominence. Born in Newark, New Jersey, only thirty-four

years ago, he is a graduate of Cornell University. In 1945 Mr. Seley studied at the Art Students League with Ossip Zadkine, and in 1950 he received a Fulbright Fellowship for France.



After spending four months in Port-au-Prince, where he became interested in Haitian poetry and painting, WILLIAM JAY SMITH writes with enthusiasm about that "Land of Poets." Himself a distinguished lyric poet, he has been a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford and Phi Beta Kappa poet at Columbia University, and is the author of two books of poetry, *Poems* and *Celebration at Dark*, both of which have won praise from critics. Mr. Smith has also been awarded *Poetry* magazine's Young Poets Prize. He has taught at Washington University, Columbia, and Williams, and his work has appeared in many magazines and several anthologies.



CHARLES NUTTER, who relates the dramatic events leading up to "America's Biggest Bargain," the Louisiana Purchase, has been managing director of International House in New Orleans since 1946. Born in Falls City, Nebraska, in 1902, Mr. Nutter was educated at the Universities of Nebraska and Missouri, where he majored in journalism. Associated Press assignments took him to Mexico City, New York, Washington, and London; he became chief of bureau in Moscow and Madrid, and eventually landed in New Orleans. In 1943, he was named managing director of *La Prensa Asociada*, AP's Latin American affiliate, and made a tour of seventeen Hemisphere countries.

"This Was Carreño" is a profile of the famous Venezuelan pianist by her good friend MARTA MILINOWSKI, herself an artist of note. Born in Berlin, Germany, the daughter of a German army officer and a U.S. mother, Miss Milinowski received most of her early education in Europe. Then she entered Vassar College, graduating with honors and membership in Phi Beta Kappa. Shortly afterward, she met Carreño in Boston and studied with her in Berlin, becoming a close friend of two of her daughters. At this time Miss Milinowski also made her professional debut and gave piano recitals in many European cities. She became associated with Lake Forest University in Illinois in 1919, heading its school of music for the next eleven years. Then she joined the faculty of Vassar as professor of music, a post she held until her retirement in 1950. She makes her home in Poughkeepsie.

In the book section, MARY SLUSSER of the U.S. Department of State, who is an anthropologist, discusses the Mexican codices in *Books of the Ancients*. A portfolio of Puerto Rican prints, *Estampas de San Juan*, is the subject of comment by JOSÉ GÓMEZ-SICRE, chief of the PAU visual-arts section.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides *AMERICAS*, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.

KNOW YOUR HAITIAN NEIGHBORS?

Answers on Page 45



1. Artibonite Valley, once desert waste, has been reclaimed after clearing by machinery and building of extensive irrigation-canal system. Main crop is staple of country's diet. Is it rice, wheat, yuca, or manioc?

2. Country's population is some 3,100,000, with a density of about 291 persons per square mile. How does this population density compare with those of the other American republics?

3. President of the republic is Vincent Auriol, Louis St. Laurent, Paul Magloire, or William V. Tubman?

4. Street scene in picturesque capital of Haiti. What is its name?

5. Market place in Port-au-Prince. What would you most likely find there—straw purses and mahogany bowls, pork and beef, or mechanical toys?

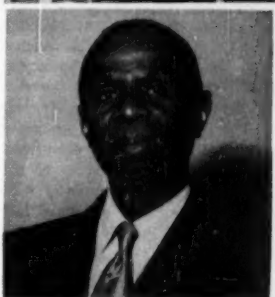
6. Four outstanding Haitians: F. Morrisseau-Leroy, René Piquion, Roussan Camille, and Jean F. Brierre. Are they track relay champions, poets and novelists, a vocal quartet, or delegates to the United Nations?

7. Approximately midway on direct tourist air routes between Florida and the north coast of South America, Haiti is about three, six, ten, or twelve hours by plane from Miami?

8. One of the country's foremost authors and intellectuals. Is he Dr. Jean Price-Mars, George Washington Carver, Ralph Bunche, or André Gide?

9. Congo is danced by Haitian farmers who have formed a *combite* at harvest time. Is a *combite* an agricultural cooperative, a group dance step, or a political lobby?

10. Agricultural College at Damien is administrative center for country's rural-education program. Is rural school enrollment greater or less than, or about the same as, urban enrollment?



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CERVANTES LOST OUT

Dear Sirs:

In Miguel Fadul's article "Cartagena, Queen of the Indies," in the June Spanish [May English] *AMERICAS*, I find a passage relating that Cervantes "vainly petitioned the Council of the Indies to appoint him accountant of the royal galleons at that port." It seems to me that a typographical error must have been responsible for the use of the word *galeras* [galleons] instead of *gabelas* [taxes]; for, according to lectures on Cervantes I have attended, what he always wanted was to be collector of royal taxes. He was in financial difficulties, and perhaps he also wanted to see the wonders of America.

What a shame he did not have this opportunity! He would have written so much about the New World that we would now savor as we do *Don Quixote*.

Alfredo H. Teller
Managua, Nicaragua

Mr. Fadul has sent us the November-December 1950 issue of the *Revista de las Indias*, published by the Colombian Ministry of Education. In an article on "Unknown Pages in Cartagena History," Dr. Pastor Restrepo, corresponding member of the Colombian Academy of History, quotes a memorandum addressed to King Philip II by Cervantes on May 21, 1590, in which he "humbly begs, when it is convenient to Your Majesty, the favor of one of the three or four offices in the Indies that are now vacant; one is the accountantship of the New Kingdom of Granada, or the Governorship of the Province of Soconucos in Guatemala, or Accountant of the Galleons of Cartagena, or Corregidor of the City of La Paz." Perhaps on some other occasion he asked for the job of tax collector, but not to Mr. Fadul's knowledge. Incidentally, Dr. Restrepo shares reader Teller's regret that Cervantes was never able to come to America.

FRESH APPROACH

Dear Sirs:

I read *AMERICAS* regularly, and no one believes more fervently than I in its aims. But shouldn't all of us Western Hemisphere dwellers be more realistic about this business of international affairs, and face the fact that what we're trying to do is not learn to understand each other, but to tolerate each other? With this in mind, in my opinion, we would be more often pleasantly surprised than unpleasantly disillusioned.

James Silveira
Los Angeles, California

HERBS NORTH AND SOUTH

Dear Sirs:

My copy of *AMERICAS* just came and gave me the idea that perhaps you can help me. For next spring I have agreed to prepare a talk on the herbs of South America. I can get material from books, but I would like so much to get something more direct.

I would like to contact persons who might know something of the herbs native to Latin America, grow herbs commercially, or have herb gardens. I would reciprocate with facts about herbs that I may know, seeds, or answers to questions. It strikes me that this may be a very practical way of being friendly.

I am making a collection of the *Lavendulas*, and already have *Lavendula* seeds from many a strange part of the world. However, South America does not have lavenders. But if you publish my letter, perhaps Latin American herb-lovers will get in touch with me.

Edna K. Neugebauer
2097 Summit Avenue
Altadena, California

EUROPE CALLING

Dear Sirs:

Through the medium of your periodical I would be delighted to correspond with a male Spanish American reader between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-six in either Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, El Salvador, or California.

I would like to discuss the various aspects of Spanish American history with someone who speaks English.

Rinaldo McGowan
13 Porth-y-Dre
Ruthin
Denbighshire
N. Wales, Britain

Dear Sirs:

I live in the British Isles but would like to procure a pen friend in America. After asking a lot of people, I got hold of your address. My age is twenty and my chief interest is music—my favorite singers are Doris Day and Johnnie Ray; I also play the piano, swim, and am fond of tennis. I hope you will help me in my quest.

Geoffrey Ensoll
24 Stovell Ave.
Longsight, Manchester 12
Lancashire, England

Dear Sirs:

I am British and seventeen years old. My interests are photography, light and classical music, the cinema, and collecting gramophone records. I also play the piano. I speak German and a little French. Won't you help me find a pen friend?

Paul Brady
Ealing Place
Eastern Circle
Burrage
Manchester 19, England

Dear Sirs:

A twenty-eight-year-old Spaniard, I would like to correspond with young people from the Americas with the purpose of exchanging postcards and magazines.

Mariano Domínguez
Calle de Cáceres No. 5
Zaragoza, Spain

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1. The contest is open to all amateur photographers of the member countries of the Organization of American States, except employees of the Pan American Union and their immediate families. Closing date is January 1, 1954. Entries must be postmarked no later than that date. No entry fee is required.
2. Subject matter must be typical of your country: people, places, things. Any number of photographs may be submitted by an entrant.
3. Only unpublished photographs are eligible for the contest.
4. Only black-and-white glossy prints will be judged. Touched-up or colored prints are not acceptable, nor should there be any signature on the photographic surface. Size must be 8 x 10 inches.
5. Photos should be sent by registered mail. They should be protected by cardboard to avoid folding and cracking. Do not send negatives.
6. Each print must have glued on the back a filled-in entry blank as provided here, or facsimile thereof. Please print or typewrite the information requested on the blank.
7. All prints will be held for judging after January 1, 1954, and no entries will be returned. Announcement of winners will be published shortly thereafter. Our judges' decisions will be final. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
8. All entrants who win prizes will be required to lend original negatives before prizes are awarded. Winning photos will be published in AMERICAS with full credit to the photographer. They may also be included in an exhibit presented in the Pan American Union building in Washington, and later circulated throughout the United States. Non-prize-winning pictures acceptable to AMERICAS may be bought for single publication at the regular rate of \$5.00, payable when used.
9. The best entry from each of the twenty-one American Republics will receive a prize of \$25.00. A grand prize of \$75.00 will be given for the best of the twenty-one winning photos.
10. Address all entries to Photo Contest Editor, AMERICAS, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C. We cannot enter into correspondence of any kind regarding entries.

This entry blank, or facsimile thereof, must be glued to the back of each photograph entered.

.....

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